National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVI. NO. 30. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855. WHOLE NO. 810.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

"OLE VIRGINNY."

[Joseph Johnson, Governor of Virginia (Mr. Wise not having been inaugurated as yet), in a message to the Legislature of that slave-breeding Dominion of ancient renown, arraigns the Legislatures of Rhode Island, Maine, Connecticut and Massachusetts, for their action upon the subject of slavery. "The whole scope and tenor of their resolutions," he says, "are at war with Southern interests and institutions." He reviews the Kansas-Nebraska question at length, but utters nothing new or striking. Massachusetts is the chief of sinners, in his estimation, for daring to pass a "Personal Liberty Bill," without leave of the slaveholders. After stating the provisions of that bill, he ends his diatribe with the usual twaddle about retaliatory measures and a threat to dissolve the Union, as follows:]

It requires no argument to prove that the act of Massachusetts is precisely such a law or regulation as the Constitution intended to provide against. If any State can thus violate and set at naught the fundamental law in one particular, it may in all, and no security or safeguard is left for the preservation of our rights or liberties. If this government is worth preserving, it must be maintained in its purity, and rights solemnly guaranteed must be respected. It becomes a subject of deep import and of vital consequence. The people that would tamely submit to a deprivation of their rights are unworthy of the appellation of freemen.

Virginia contributed with her heart's blood to establish this Union. She cherishes its hallowed objects, and would sacrifice much to maintain it. But there is a point when submission to injustice and gross wrong is degradation and infamy.

In the hope of preserving the legacy of our fathers, and holding up these independent States to the admiration of the world as examples of the glorious results of liberty restrained by wholesome laws, Virginia has yielded much, borne much in patience, permitted repeated and improper interferences with her domestic relations, endangering her peace; witnessed the violation of solemn obligations and compacts; and finally, unwarrantable assaults upon the Constitution.

We have warned our Northern brethren of the evil tendency of their acts, not only in the direct assault upon our rights, but by the inevitable effect of such a course to destroy friendly relationship. We have reminded them of our former happy intercourse and unqualified brotherly affection. We have remonstrated, protested, appealed to them. "They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity." It becomes us, then, to inquire solemnly, what course we shall pursue. Many suggestions have occupied the public mind. By some it has been suggested to adopt a system of retaliation by taking possession of their vessels and other property when within our jurisdiction, and by acting towards their owners, when attempting to assert their rights, precisely as they act towards a master attempting to secure his slave, passing laws similar to theirs and harassing and annoying them with criminal prosecutions, penalties and forfeitures. By others it has been thought best to discriminate against the States which exhibit hostility to our institutions, by imposing rigid commercial restrictions, laying taxes upon their goods, and obstructing their intercourse by every means sanctioned by the Constitution. Some would appeal to our sister States who suffer similar ills with us, and recommend the call of a Southern Convention to consult together for our safety and the security of our property, and, if need be, resume those sovereign powers now delegated to the General Government; while others would at once rush into the alternative of dissolving the Union, and refuse to submit to constitutional provisions, which are violated with impunity, under the sanction of State authority.

Such propositions, gravely mooted by legislative bodies, by executive functionaries, and by the people in their primary assemblies, are solemn warnings of imminent danger. History teaches to what they lead. When men begin to talk of pledging their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour to preserve their rights, we need not be told that the spirit of the fathers of the revolution is reanimated. The subject is one for deep reflection and wise counsel.

Threats and menaces are useless. I leave it to the calm considerations and dignified action of the General Assembly, confidently believing that no rash step will be taken, but that when action is decided on, it will be such as will vindicate our rights, redound to the honour of the Commonwealth, and to the glory of the Union. * * *

December 3, 1855. JOS. JOHNSON.

We extract the following from the proceedings of the Virginia Legislature of Monday, Dec. 3.

Mr. Mallory, of Norfolk City, offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, By the General Assembly, that a Joint Committee, consisting of seven members of the Senate and thirteen members of the House of Delegates, be appointed with a view to the adoption of more effectual means to prevent the escape of slaves from this Commonwealth to the Northern States, and provide for the summary punishment of persons detected in aiding or abetting the same [to inquire into the expediency of measures of retaliation and self-defence against such of the Northern States as are engaged in a war upon our institutions]; and report thereon to this General Assembly."

Mr. Garnett, of Essex, moved to amend the resolution as submitted by Mr. Mallory, by inserting the clause in brackets, as above printed.

Mr. Mallory accepted the modification proposed, and informed the gentleman from Essex that he would go with him cordially in measures of retaliation—and *war*, too, if it should be necessary. The Abolition emissaries (Mr. M. said) had penetrated the domicils of gentlemen in his city, who had not returned to their homes since the cessation of the epidemic, and had enticed away their slaves. They were also now perambulating the streets of Norfolk for the same nefarious purpose. The people of Eastern Virginia are a law-abiding people, but unless the Legislature of the State will effectually protect their property, they will enrol themselves under Judge Lynch, and hang the aggressors on a gallows as high as Haman's.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

A VERY TRAITOR.

Mr. Wendell Phillips, whom the "Detroit Republican Association" engaged to deliver a lecture before it on slavery, last week, spoke on that subject in Chicago on Monday evening, in the same strain, doubtless, he would have spoken here had not a railroad accident deterred him from fulfilling his appointment. Of the performance, the Chicago *Tribune*, a "Republican" journal, says:

"Mr. Phillips is an Abolitionist—openly and avowedly. He assails the churches of the country; he owns no allegiance to the Constitution or to the Government founded on that Constitution. He does not disguise or hide his opinions. He thinks as he pleases, and speaks what he thinks; and his opinions, however erroneous, are the honest convictions of an honest man. Standing, then, as he did, alone, with no party, no public opinion at his back—looked upon as a fanatic and a traitor—he despised all parties and all opinions—anathematized what Americans, by common consent, hold sacred, and gloried in the act. It was a moral spectacle worth seeing, no matter how sorrowful the sight."

In the same manner it is a moral spectacle worth seeing, no matter how sorrowful the sight, that of a great malefactor marching firmly up to the gallows and glorying in the horrible crime he has committed. Mr. Phillips is a moral traitor, and would be guilty of treason in fact did not the Constitution make the offence consist in an overt act—in levying war against the United States, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. In England he would be amenable for treason, and would be punished for treason. To concede that he is honest is a concession that any offence against persons, property, or the government, may be honestly committed. If he is honest, then any traitor may be honest. He is not honest. It is impossible. He may be afflicted with monomania or lunacy. It is charitable to suppose that he is. If he is not—if he is of sound mind—then his heart is as black as that of any infamous traitor that ever plotted against the interests of mankind. If he is not, he deserves to be denounced and execrated, and spurned, wherever he goes, instead of being received with listening ears. Upon what times have we fallen? Is it not astonishing that, in one of the great cities of the North-West—and that city, in its unparalleled growth and prosperity, a wonderful example of the advantages and blessings of the Union—is it not astonishing, we say, that, in that city, one thousand people should afford aid and comfort to Wendell Phillips, by hearkening to his maledictions against the Constitution and his assaults upon Christian churches? Is it not astonishing?

* * * * * *

This is the man the "Detroit Republican Association" invited to speak at Young Men's Hall. These are the sentiments that were to have been uttered there. These are the doctrines the "Detroit Republican Association" undertook to propagate. We do not wonder that Judge Wilkins, in view of the Hall having been granted for the use of Phillips, subsequently insisted that the lease by which it is rented to the United States for the service of the District Court should contain a clause giving the United States Marshal the entire control of it. Judge Wilkins could not consent to administer justice in the morning where treason had been preached in the evening. —*Detroit Free Press (Cass's organ).*

A Nut for the Negrophilists.—A gentleman of this city relates to us some interesting facts relative to the abduction and return of one of his slaves, which are strikingly illustrative of the beauties of Northern Abolitionism.

The servant alluded to, a girl, was born and had been raised in his family, here, until she had attained the age of twenty-six years. About two years ago, she was induced by some of the Abolition emissaries, who are occasionally found prowling through this section of the Union, to leave with him for the North, by promises of freedom and protection. Since her departure, it seems, she has been quite a traveller among "the free States"—Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York; and has spent some four months in Canada; all this time vainly seeking for some more comfortable home than that which, in an evil hour, she had been over-persuaded to quit.

Becoming at length disgusted with free States, free negroes, and the self-styled friends of the Southern slave, with their hollow pretensions and hypocritical sympathy, she determined to return to her master, cost her what sacrifice soever it might. In this she was resisted by certain parties in Canada, who, being apprehensive that, if she escaped from their "tender mercies," which are cruel, she would divulge the whereabouts of several other runaways who were harbouring in that hospitable neighbourhood, did all they could to prevent her return. They even threatened her with death should she seriously attempt it.

We may remark here, for the satisfaction of her apprehensive friends in Canada, that since her return she has realized their fears as to the revelations they so greatly deprecated.

Clever enough to get from New Orleans to the British provinces, she came to the conclusion that she was smart enough to get back again, the way she came, or by some other. On the pretext of going to church, one fine Sunday morning, she started off; and, when once out of the sight of her benevolent guardians, she took "heart of grace," crossed the river which separates us from our kind neighbours, and soon found an opportunity of making her way along, *viâ* Cleveland and Cincinnati, "paying her way" by the labour of her hands, as well she might, until she reached her old home once more, in this city, where she is now content to remain; quite satisfied with the punishment she has received for her fault, in the experience she has had during her absence; enough, she says, to last her the rest of her lifetime.—*N. O. Picayune, Nov.* 11.

News Bulletins in the Pulpit.—Brother Beecher, last Sunday, it seems, preached Passmore Williamson, not Christ crucified. He was no sooner on the stage—in the pulpit, we mean—than, with a quiet smile of exultation, he announced to the audience—congregation, we mean—that the last martyr to liberty had been released. He stated that he had received the news since he came to the church. Whether the promulgation of "the news" was followed by a round of applause, or not, our informant has forgotten to say—but why not?

Now, Brother Beecher, we protest, in the name of the gentlemen of the press generally, against your forestalling the news market in this manner. For just think of the consequences! If you tell the public all the news of the day from your pulpit, on Sunday morning, we, who publish newspapers on Monday, will have no readers. Hereafter, we have no doubt, everybody will be more anxious than ever to rent a pew in Plymouth Church, now that, in addition to occasionally smart dissertations on some secular topic, they are to have the "latest news" thrown in. But is it fair, Mr. Beecher; is it fair? That piece of news about Passmore Williamson you know you got from some of the Sunday papers, and it wasn't the right thing to take it without giving due credit.

We next expect to hear the arrival of a European or California steamer announced from the pulpit, with the latest quotations for consols and cotton, and the amount of specie. In that case there will be but one process by which we of the daily press can keep up with the enterprise of Bro. Beecher, and that is, publish our journals on Sunday, so as to be before the public with the latest news as soon as he is. This proceeding will be an infraction of the fourth commandment, to be sure; but then, if it is all right for a clergyman not to heed it, why should we poor laymen be punished for it? (Pity election day didn't come on Saturday, so that we could all go to Plymouth Church, bright and early next morning, to hear the latest returns.)—*N. Y. Express.*

Selections.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS AND SLAVERY.

To the Editor of The Scottish Press.

Sir: The friendly bearing of your paper towards the American Anti-Slavery movement induces me to offer one more article relating to it. Let me assure you your former kindness in giving me a hearing is not unappreciated.

The Presbyterian and Congregational Churches of the United States seem particularly desirous to hold a high place in the esteem of British Christians. At this time the union with them on the part of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in a plan for spreading the Gospel in Turkey, is held to be of the highest importance.

To one acquainted with the American Board, a movement of this kind would be expected, not that the Board considers the Church of Great Britain incompetent to conduct its own missionary operations, or wanting in zeal for the conversion of the heathen. But, in common with most of the American Churches, that great body is in danger of becoming bankrupt in Christian character, on account of its long connection with the slave system of that country. True, in obedience to the advancing public sentiment, it has been compelled to take some *apparent* steps, from its former guilty course of direct complicity in the crime. Once it employed at least one missionary in Africa, who was a slave-owner in Carolina—John Leighton Wilson. Even now its members and contributors are often slaveholders. It is written, "I the Lord hate robbery for a burnt-offering." But to rob of money, manhood, humanity, wife, children, education, religion, as is done to millions of God's poor children in the United States, is excused by this Missionary Board; and the price of them, sold in the shambles, still replenishes its treasury, and this is accepted by highly professing Christians of the nineteenth century, while even the unbelieving crucifiers of the Saviour, inflamed by hate and jealousy, would not receive into *their* treasury *the price of blood.*

The Board has for many years sustained operations, to a large extent, among the American Indians; civilization and Christianity are said to have greatly flourished in consequence. But never was a North American savage known to hold a slave before he learned to do so from the new culture and new religion. Now, there are not more relentless oppressors in the world than they have become. Since 1836, they have had a law in one tribe, where the missionaries have been most successful, that "if any citizen of the United States, acting as a missionary or a preacher, shall be found favouring the principles and doctrines of the Abolitionists, he shall be compelled to leave the nation, and forever to stay out of it."

The second Act defines the first thus: "That teaching the slaves to read, write or sing, in meeting-houses or schools, without the owner's consent, shall be sufficient ground to convict of the offence."

Since 1841, the same nation has had a law, "that all free negroes unconnected with Choctaw or Chickasaw blood should leave the nation, and forever stay out of it." The penalty for returning was, to be sold to the highest bidder for life. Many left their dearest kindred there in slavery!

The Choctaw law was the same, except that the penalty for returning was "not less than one hundred lashes on the bare back."

Since 1846, no slave can be emancipated there, except by permission of the Legislature; nor can that permission be obtained unless the owner be free from all debt, both in the nation and out of it. And every slave emancipated must leave the nation in thirty days, or be "sold again into slavery, for a term of five years."

Such are but specimens of laws enacted long after the missionaries of the American Board began their operations there, and boasted of their success. And not one of these cruel enactments has been repealed, even if some of them have become a dead letter. Nor have the missionaries thought of making slaveholding, or even the enacting of such laws, a disciplinary or unchristian offence. Even the separation of families by sale, they palliate as coolly as though it were only selling the lambs from the sheep; the official language on the subject is this: "In relation to the separation of parents form children, we must first remark, *that as it is one of those things which are not forbidden by express injunction* of Scripture, it is impossible, in our circumstances, to make it a general rule that the separation of parents and children by sale or purchase shall be regarded as a disciplinary offence. We can never make it a test of piety or a condition of admission to the privileges of church membership that a candidate should express a determination not to live and die a slaveholder."

The above is an extract from a letter from the Cherokee Mission to the Board. The Choctaw Mission sent a letter at the same time, containing similar sentiments, and also declaring—"We have endeavoured, as a Mission, to keep aloof from the Abolition movement." The Board accepted a report upon these letters, commending "the Christain spirit which pervaded them."

In 1848, one of the Secretaries of the American Board, Rev. S. B. Treat, made an official visit to the Indian Missions. The specific object of the visit was to inquire into the connection of the Mission schools and churches with slavery. The following passages from Mr. Treat's report will show how he and the directors of the Board regard the holding of slaves by these new converts to the Christain faith: "It seems fair to presume that a *few* persons have been led by Christian principle to abstain from the purchase of slaves; and such, I was told, is the case. But on the other hand, we may not shut our eyes to the fact that a process has been silently going forward, which has *tended to a different result.*" "As fast as the doctrines of the Gospel have exerted their appropriate influence, the Indians have advanced in civilization. They have felt new desires, and consequently new wants. Having these desires and experiencing these wants, they have looked around for the means of gratifying the former and removing the latter. They have sought to do this, as others have done before them, by the acquisition of property. But the forms of investment accessible to them were very few. They could not buy land, even if they had wished to do so, because their whole country belonged to the nation in common. Indeed, there was hardly any species of property it was so natural for them to desire and seek as this of which we are speaking, for it became not only a mode of investment, but, in their judgment, the means of further acquisition. If we also take into account the hereditary repugnance of the Indian to labour, if we reflect that the slaves were capable of doing many things better than their masters, we shall see how the number of slaves may have increased rather than diminished, as the Indians became more and more like the people around them."

Last year the Board was induced to take some steps which, for a time, excited alarm among the slaveholders and their friends in the States. It was feared that slavery was to be made a disciplinary or unchristian crime. The Secretary of the Board made haste to calm these fears by the following most significant and expressive letter:

"Missionary House, Boston, October 7, 1854.

"Dear Sir: In your paper of this date, you publish an extract from the *Watchman and Observer*, and then inquire, 'Is this a fair and truthful statement? Did Mr. Treat endeavour to persuade missionaries to *exclude* slaveholders from the communion? Did he treat them with *threats* that, if they persisted in their course, the Board would *cut them off?* Did he thus undertake to speak for the Board?' To each and all these interrogatories, I answer 'No.' And I must be allowed to express my great surprise that any one should have supposed me capable of such conduct. Very sincerely yours,

"S. B. Treat, Sec. of the A. B. C. F. M."

The Secretary seemed almost angry, that he or the Board should be considered "*capable of such conduct,*" as denying to slavetraders and slaveholders a Christian character!

The last anniversary of the American Board has just been held in Utica, New York. A report was presented there by a deputation that had been sent to confer with these Indian missionaries on the troublesome question. These missionaries have just adopted a system of rules, thirteen in number, which are to govern them in their future movements. None of these rules, however, will materially change their former course. Slavery is in the mission churches unrebuked, and slaveholders are invited still to enter.

Nor by the new regulations does it appear that a single slave shall be taught to "*read, write, or sing.*" The tenth reads thus—"Missionaries are to enjoin upon all masters and servants obedience to the directions especially addressed to them in the Holy Scriptures, and to explain and illustrate the precepts containing them."

The eleventh rule makes allusion to some practices which are to be held "unchristian and sinful." One of these is, "keeping slaves from the knowledge of God's holy will." No nearer than this is it anywhere enjoined that slaves shall be taught to read. All who know the practice of slaveholders in America will understand at once that this relates only to *oral instruction*—that is common everywhere.

The whole of the ninth rule is as follows:

"9. While, as in war, there can be no shedding of blood without sin somewhere attached, so, while slavery is always sinful, we cannot esteem every one who is legally a slaveholder a wrong-doer for sustaining the legal relation. When it is made unavoidable *by the laws of the State*, the obligations of guardianship, or the demands of humanity, it is not to be deemed an offence against the rule of Christian right. Yet missionaries are carefully to guard, and in the proper way to warn others to guard, against unduly extending this plea of necessity or the good of the slave; against making it a cover for the love and practice of slavery, or a pretence for not using efforts that are lawful and practicable to extinguish this evil."

Most of this rule is mere subterfuge and sophistry, unworthy any body of upright men, inculcating a deference to human law instead of the divine. A soldier may be obliged to take life or to lose his own. What slaveholder is ever reduced to such extremities? "No laws of any State" ever make a man a slaveholder or keep him one. If he is one, he is so from choice; neither he nor his slaves are compelled to remain if he chooses to remove elsewhere, and then to talk about the "obligations of guardianship" in such connection is an insult to all common sense. When the poor Africans have no better "guardians" than the American savages, made more savage by contact with slaveholding, civilization, and religion, may the All-merciful Father have compassion upon them!

The terrible enactments which have been cited are not mentioned in the thirteen rules. The eighth, however, declares that, "as missionaries, they have nothing to do with political questions and agitations"!!

The report of the deputation further assures us that some of the missionaries are "denounced as Abolitionists." But the next sentence unfolds the character of all these professions and pretensions; let it be well considered. "*Some of these slaveholding church members have left their churches for another connection on this account.*"

It does not appear that they were disciplined or dealt with at all, and only a part of the missionaries are even up to such a standard as this, and so few of the slaveholding members are disturbed or compelled to leave for other connections more congenial to their tastes and occupations.

The Board, at its anniversary, expressed great delight at the report. It was unanimously adopted, and, we are told, the whole "audience rose and joined in a hymn with feelings of deepest gratitude."

Dr. Adams, of Boston, author of "South-side View of Slavery"—a most atrocious defence of the system—was the preacher for the occasion; and Dr. Cox, the eulogizer of that defence, was prominent in all the proceedings, and the sum total of the position of the Board, in its own language, is, that "slaveholders are not to be excluded from the communion"; and there is no repudiation of the declaration that the "separation of parents and children by sale is not forbidden by express injunction of Scripture," and that they cannot "*make it a test of piety or a condition of admission to the privileges of church membership.*" And this is the association which seeks alliance with the British churches, in the work of Turkish and Armenian missions, attempting to claim before the world equality as Christians. Will not British Christians prove that *they* maintain a *higher* standard by rejecting such alliance, and going forth untrammelled to propagate *pure* Christianity in the East? Parker Pillsbury.

Edinburgh, November 9th, 1855.

THE GREENSBURG KIDNAPPING CASE.

Greensburg, Nov. 15, 1855.

Messrs. Editors: Perhaps your readers would like to know the end of the kidnapping case of which I wrote you last Spring, as, doubtless, they feel interested in the important decision of our learned Judge Logan; while it may also serve as one more illustration (if any is needed) of the beauties of "old line" justice and jurisprudence. It will be remembered, in this case, that David Maple, Thomas Maple, Morrisson and McCloskey, were charged with kidnapping two men, whom they conveyed to a slave State, and there disposed of them as slaves. On their return home, the Maples made good their escape by leaving for parts unknown. Morrisson and McCloskey were arrested, and, chiefly on their own confessions (as they boasted of what they had done and made in the operation), were held to bail for their appearance at Court. The case came up at the October term. Defendants' counsel moved to quash the indictment, for the reason that the section of the statute against kidnapping was in violation of the acts of Congress, and, therefore, void; and the Court accordingly quashed the indictment. There were other reasons assigned why the indictment was bad, but these were merely technical, and the prosecuting attorney offered to get up new indictments, but the Court intimated that no indictment could be made good under that statute.

So we must infer that, according to Judge Logan on the acts of Congress, kidnapping is a lawful business, and Indiana has not the sovereign power to protect the liberties of her own citizens. Hurrah for Squatter Sovereignty and this glorious Union, under "old line" rule. While few, I think, will agree with the Judge's decision, all must acknowledge his consistent old lineism; for, if under the Constitution, and acts of Congress, it is lawful and right to convert free territories into slave plantations, certainly it ought to be right to convert free men into slaves. It is rumoured that the Judge is to be the next "old line" candidate for Congress in this District. Verily, verily, he may be considered sound on the *goose* question. —C.—*Indianapolis (Ia.) Journal.*

THE SLAVE-MOTHER'S LAMENT.

A POEM.

(*Suggested by Hood's "Song of the Shirt."*)

Weary, and hungry, and worn,
And beating in sorrow her breast,
A Slave-mother sat through night 'till morn,
Rocking her infant to rest.
Hush! hush! hush!
Sleep, babe! but oh, never wake!
The woe that's for me is in store for thee:
Die, babe! though thy mother's heart break.

Work! work! work!
Long ere the lark carols aloof;
And work, work, work,
'Till the stars shine through Heaven's roof.
Woe! woe, to be a slave,
To be flogged 'till you cannot stand;
Yet a child of God's, with a soul to save:
And this in a Christian land!

Work! work! work!
That fine dames cheap cotton may wear;
Work, work, work,
And leave off if you only dare.
Plough, and harrow, and hoe,
Hoe, and harrow, and plough;
No food, no repose, though you sink half dead,
As weary as I am now.

Pick! pick! pick!
'Till torn are your fingers, and sore;
And still pick, pick,
'Till the cotton is dyed with gore.
Pick! pick! pick!
For have cotton cheap ladies will;
The work that's begun will never be done,
The breath leaves the body cold.

Work! work! work!
In sunshine, in wind, and in rain;
Work! work! work!
And still work for another's gain.
Work! work! work!
In sorrow, in sickness, in fear;
Work ever, work, work, work,
With never a bright hope to cheer.

Oh women! think and weep!
Think, mothers; think, sisters; think wives:
When cotton you buy, and buy it so cheap,
At the price 'tis of human lives.
Pick! pick! pick!
Whilst the cow-hide is cracking around;
Pick! pick! pick!
In dread at its horrible sound.

Oh, mothers! with children dear,
To love, cherish, and call your own;
Change places with me, and ask God to hear,
Whilst you pray for a heart of stone.
Yes! pray for a heart hard as stone,
For the one He gave you would burst,
If torn from your breast were the babe you caress'd,
And you for despairing were curs'd.

By night as well as day,
That Death's hand in mercy might close
The eyes of your babe, you'd fervently pray,
And rejoice in its last repose.
For once in old time it was said:
Such innocents let come to Me;
My Kingdom above is made up of these,
And there all my children are free.

And why should such babies live?
To curse of their birth the sad day!
And why should tender mothers give,
A love that is stolen away?
Oh! rather let them die,
Like young buds in an unkind Spring;
Let them die ere they know their life is woe,
And long ere their sorrows begin.

Thus through the night till morn,
And beating in sorrow her breast;
A Slave-mother sat, though weary and worn,
Rocking her infant to rest,
Hush! hush! hush!
Sleep, babe! but oh, never wake!
The woe that's for me is in store for thee:
Die, babe! though thy mother's heart break.

Louis Alexis Chamerovzow.

27 New Broad street, London, 12th Oct., 1855.

[The foregoing poem has been contributed to a collection of "Autographs for Freedom," being made by Wilson Armistead, Esq., and which it is intended shall be lithographed and bound up in quarto volumes, to be disposed of for the benefit of the anti-slavery cause. The writer will be happy to receive and forward any others, or they may be sent direct to Mr. Armistead, Water Hall, Leeds. Her Majesty Queen Victoria has, it appears, contributed to this collection, as have many other illustrious personages, and numerous well-known friends to the cause.]—*London Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

PRO-SLAVERY CHURCHES.

From The Edinburgh News, Nov. 3.

The anti-slavery meeting, held on Monday evening last, in the United Presbyterian Church, College street, was a more important gathering than its mere numbers indicated. The stormy night prevented the audience being so large as it might have been, but the fact that all the resolutions were moved and seconded by men who have held high civic office in Edinburgh, and who are also prominent men in their respective churches, was a testimony on behalf of the supporters of the Anti-Slavery Society in the United States which mere numbers could not have given. The late Lord Provost M'Laren—a man who takes nothing in any cause for granted without full investigation—was called to preside. In his opening speech the chairman touched upon the "religious difficulty" in connection with some of the advocates of abolition in America. That reference constrained Mr. Pillsbury—to hear whose address the meeting was more specially convened—to re-plough the ground he had formerly gone over, and lay bare the lurking or more ostentatious pro-slavery sentiments and practices of nearly all the great religious organizations in America. The Bible and Tract Societies of that country are steeped to the core in pro-slavery sympathies and action, and the American Board of Missions, although improving, is still all on the side of the oppressors, through a negative more than a positive policy—except in opposition to Abolitionists, against whom all its doctors of Divinity are especially zealous. Mr. Pillsbury's proofs of the active or passive support of slavery by the religious bodies were all drawn from their own published and official documents; and there cannot be a doubt upon this subject by any who will candidly examine these documents. They are almost, without exception, intensely pro-slavery; and as such men as Albert Barnes declares that without the support of the Church, American slavery could not exist a day, the only conclusion which men who believe the testimony of the New Testament annotator can arrive at is, that the American Church is the bulwark of American slavery. Ex-Bailie Fyfe took this ground. He had examined the documents, and he had come to the deliberate conviction that the religious associations of America, its Bible, Tract and Missionary Societies, were undoubted supporters of the slave system, and therefore ought not to receive the countenance of British Christians. Ex-Bailie Stott had long since come to the same conclusion, and, therefore, seconded the motion of Bailie Fyfe, which was—

"That, in the deliberate judgment of this meeting, slavery, especially as it exists in the United States of America, is in direct opposition to the spirit of Christianity. And seeing that, on undisputed evidence, it is proved that this system is mainly 'sustained' by the churches of America; resolved, That, until they abandon their present position, it is the duty of British Christians to withhold fellowship from them, and to use the language of affectionate and earnest remonstrance against their sin: That the American Bible Society, which tacitly approves of withholding the Bible from upwards of three millions of their own countrymen; the American Tract Society, which admits no anti-slavery sentiments into its own publications, and expunges, without notice or remark, anti-slavery sentiments from its reprints of British publications; and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which admits of, and practically defends, slavery in its mission churches, should not be selected by British Christians as coadjutors in missionary or other religious enterprises."

Ex-Bailie Duncan, in moving the second resolution, entered still more fully into this subject. None who know these gentlemen dare accuse them of indifference to religion; but Mr. Duncan declared that he would rather be an Abolitionist, with the so-called infidels, than a supporter of slavery with the so-called Christians; and uncompromisingly supported the following resolution:

"That this meeting, contemplating with deep interest the conflict between freedom and oppression, conscience and law, now going on in the United States, desires to express its respect and admiration for all who are honestly and earnestly labouring for the slave, and particularly for those who, like Passmore Williamson, have determined, in the face of imprisonment and fine, to obey God rather than man; and in a special manner would this meeting offer its tribute of sympathy and gratitude to the American Anti-Slavery Society (with whom Mr. Pillsbury is identified) in so far as, undaunted by peril, persecution and calumny, they have laboured, during the last twenty-five years, to awaken their country to a sense of its guilt and danger as regards slavery, and whose persevering exertions have mainly contributed to keep alive a healthy public sentiment in that country on the question of the total abolition of slavery."

This was seconded by ex-Bailie Boyd; and there has never been in Edinburgh so thorough a committal of respectable laymen, eminent in their churches, to the principles and actions of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It will be seen that the chairman and nearly all the speakers belong to the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland—that Church whose ministers, at last Synod, agreed to admit slaveholders into the mission churches of Old Calabar in connection with that body; and we take this public and energetic protest against the connection of slavery with the Christianity of America as an indication that these influential laymen are equally prepared to protest against the slaveholding Christianity of Old Calabar. In this aspect the meeting of Monday last is most important, and we can only hope that the chairman and speakers will be prepared to deal as vigorously with their own Synod as these resolutions do with the pro-slavery of the religious and ecclesiastical organizations of America.

From The Boston Telegraph.

[We cut the following story, title and all, from a Virginia paper. It is a very good story, and true enough, for aught we know, but we do not see why it is styled a "nut for Abolitionists." We find no difficulty in cracking it, at any rate. We think, however, it is a decided jaw-cracker for slaveholders. If the writer of the story can deduce from it an argument against emancipation, we should be glad to see it. "Jerry," it seems to us, appears to far greater advantage, and far more worthy of freedom, than "Massa George." This latter "gentleman," it appears, had kept Jerry at work for many years, and, instead of paying him, had invariably *cheated him out of his wages.* Year after year, his own back had been covered with clothing and his own belly filled with food by Jerry's labour. At last Jerry, though admitted to have been one of the kindly treated slaves, asks to be made free; he is willing to pay for his freedom, and his thievish, lazy master, in addition to cheating him out of his wages for many years, swindles him out of several hundred dollars more, and evidently takes considerable credit to himself that he did not make the swindle still larger. Jerry could raise only five hundred dollars, which his lazy and dishonest master seized, and took a note for the remaining three hundred, confident that Jerry will be thrifty enough to earn the money, and grateful enough to pay it.

What this story proves against "the Abolitionists" it is difficult to see. Does it prove that slaves, even the kindly treated, do not desire to be free? Does it prove that they are not honest enough to live in civilized society? Does it prove that they are not wide-awake enough to "take care of themselves"? Does it prove that the system that enslaves hundreds of thousands of Jerries is an equitable one, and worth extending and perpetuating? Does it prove that Northern cities and villages ought to be the scene of bloodhound hunts after Jerries who choose to take their freedom without paying for it? Does it prove that slaveholders are the only men fit for office in this country? If not, what does it prove? We commend the "nut" to our opponents.]

HOW JERRY BOUGHT HIS FREEDOM;

OR, A NUT FOR ABOLITIONISTS.

An incident recently happened in a neighbouring State between master and slave, which ought to go far to check the mischievous intermeddling of Abolitionists with our slave population, the details of which we here give, without any attempt at extra display or fiction. The story, simply as we relate it, will prove quite amusing, we fancy.

A gentleman of ample fortune, and extensively known as one of the most humane masters, a kind neighbour, high-minded, honourable and influential, owned a favourite servant-man named Jerry. Jerry had been "raised" in the family from infancy, and was beloved by his "Massa George" for his sobriety, honesty and industry. He was trustworthy and quite intelligent. Jerry prided himself on his honour much more than many "white folks" do, as our story will show. He was petted by the family and generally permitted to do pretty much as he pleased. His master allowed him to work at home or not, as suited him, and, for the most part, Jerry "hired his time," and was always strictly punctual in his payments. He had a permanent "pass," and went when and where he wanted.

The other day Jerry called on the family, after an absence of a few weeks, and, when he had eaten plentifully of a good dinner, he stepped into his master's library to "settle up," and talk of matters generally, but of one thing particularly.

"Well, Massa George," said Jerry, after a few preliminaries, "I wants to be free."

"What, Jerry!" answered the master, in astonishment.

"I wants to be free, Massa; how much you ax for me?"

"Free! why, you are crazy, boy! What do you want to be free for? Don't you do just as you please already?"

"Yes, Massa George; but I just got a notion that I'd like to be free. How much do you think I'm worth? How much you ax for me?"

"Oh, I don't know. If you want to be free, why don't you run away?"

"Me run away, Massa George!" answered Jerry, rather indignantly; and putting his hand upon his breast, continued: "*Too much honour of the family!* Jerry never will run away! But say how much I got to pay—how much you think I'm worth, Massa George?"

"Well, Jerry, I don't know. Never thought of how much you are worth. I suppose about fifteen hundred dollars."

"Why, Massa George, I can't give you that much. I ain't got it. Can't you take nothing less for me?" said Jerry.

The earnest manner of the slave, and his queer proposition, coming so unexpectedly to the master, rather amused him, and he determined to let Jerry have his own way in this matter, as he had generally done in others. So he said:

"Very well, Jerry; you are very foolish to want to be any more free than you are. But if it suits you to buy yourself, and you can't pay me fifteen hundred, what do you say to a thousand?"

"I think a thousand a little too big, too, Massa George. Can't you say eight hundred? I'll tell you I can raise about that much. I'll go see, if you says you take it."

"Oh, well, give me your own price—eight hundred. But, Jerry, where did you get this money?"

"Where did I get it? you ax, Massa George. Why, I made some of it on the river; some of it by knocking about and doing little jobs, and one gentleman hired me to wait on him to Canada. Two or three done that before."

"Canada! Have you been to Canada? you are a fool. Why didn't you stay there if you are so anxious to be free? Don't you know you were as good as free when there?"

"Yes, Massa George, and they told me so. But *the honour of the family,* Massa George; I couldn't stand it. I never forgot I was born and raised in old Kentucky. Too much de family pride, Massa George."

After some further conversation, in which the honest and faithful slave expressed his dislike of Canadian niggers and Abolitionists, he went off to see about his eight hundred dollars.

Next morning, Jerry again visited his master. There was a change in his countenance quite perceptible. He seemed to be dissatisfied and very uneasy, and his master noticing it, said:

"Well, Jerry, what's the matter? Do you begin to feel unhappy at the idea of being free?"

"No, Massa George. I wants to be free. Dat ain't the matter. But I finds I'm a little short of the eight hundred dollars. What you goin' to do 'bout that?"

"How much money have you got, Jerry?"

"Only five hundred dollars, Massa George. Won't you take that, and trust me for the balance?"

"Ah, but will you pay if I trust you?" asked the indulgent master.

"*The honour of the family!* Massa George."

"That's all very well, Jerry; but can't you give me security? Can't you find some responsible person who will give me his note for you?"

"Why, I don't know who go my security, Massa George, *without you do it yourself.* You knows me better than anybody else. Won't you be security? You sure to get the money. *The honour of the family!*"

This was a new way of doing business; but "Massa George" thought he was good enough security, especially when backed by the "honour of the family," and so he took the five hundred cash, and Jerry's note for three hundred more, and gave him a regular bill of sale.

Jerry is now doing a thrifty business, maintains his family dignity, and loves "Massa George," for whom he would shed his last drop of blood!

Go it, Jerry!

FLARE-UP AT BETHANY, VA.—ANTI-SLAVERY EXCITEMENT.

Last week there was a great commotion at the Disciples' College, presided over by Rev. Alexander Campbell, at Bethany, Virginia. It was produced by a student by the name of Burns, who, in fulfilment of his appointment to preach on Sabbath evening in the College pulpit, pursuant to the election of a College Literary Society, to which he belonged, undertook to speak on the subject of human rights and in opposition to slavery, though in very mild terms.

His remarks, mild as they were, produced a furious excitement among the Southern students and others, who were known to be armed with deadly weapons. The meeting was greatly disturbed by hisses, yells, cat-calls, &c., &c., and threats of violence against the speaker were freely thrown out. The mob spirit finally prevailed and the Southerners had made their arrangements to lay violent hands upon Burns and duck him in the river, and commit other atrocities upon him. His friends, however, gathered around him, and he was enabled to escape, in the darkness of the night, from those who were lying in wait to seize him.

The Southern students met the next day, and resolved that the subject of slavery should not be discussed in the College. The Faculty censured the *imprudence* of Burns, one of them significantly remarking, that when among gun-powder they must not carry matches. The Northern students also met, and resolved that, inasmuch as the Faculty refused to award to them the rights of American citizens, among which was *freedom of speech*, they would no longer remain in connection with the institution. They accordingly determined to leave the theatre of such disgraceful proceedings, where the padlock, by the san

was recently sold for $11,000, though late developments have proved it to be worth five times that sum. Johnson left two heirs to his fortune, and the land he located, though now in other hands, still bears his name.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

LETTER TO REV. R. J. BRECKENRIDGE, D.D.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

SIR: Two letters addressed by you to Senators Sumner and Seward have attracted my attention. The arrogance, assumption and special pleading of your last, addressed to Senator Seward, of this State, on his recent speech at Buffalo, is characteristic. Its tone is eminently Southern. Its logic is that of the tyrant in all ages of the world—the sword. You, a Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, a man of age, experience, talent, stand forth a volunteer apologist and defender of American slavery! Brought up under its influence, a daily witness of its debasing tendencies, you would spread it, with all its results, over our Western prairies, and curse the fairest heritage ever bequeathed by the Almighty to any nation, with its manifold evils. An exemplar of the gospel of love, you defend that "sum of all villanies," American slavery. A teacher of virtue, you defend a system which takes from three millions of our race the delights, the sanctity, the healthful influences of home, and sinks them to the lowest depths of concubinage and lust. A teacher of that Gospel, which, in its simplicity, tenderness and hopes, is so admirably adapted to mitigate the sorrows and alleviate the pangs of poverty, you forget the sublime example of your Master. You side with the oppressor. You step aside from the duties of your office. You volunteer to degrade yourself and the religion you profess, by vindicating a system for which you can find no sanction in the word of God, in the dictates of an enlightened conscience, or in the opinions of the civilized world. You fume with wrath and spleen because a party, in a legal, judicious way, endeavours to mitigate the evils of a system which other nations, with but half of our education, refinement and pretensions, have forever banished from their presence.

I can conceive of circumstances where the dangers of immediate, unconditional abolition might justify an apology; but when you appear as the champion of Slavery *Extension*, what shall I say? What shall I think of that moral perception which looks upon the necessary and inevitable results of the system with complacency? I hear you quote what you call the Bible Argument, in defence of slavery. You speak of Abraham, with his hundreds of servants. That argument will justify all the crimes of society. Cain slew his brother; therefore homicide is justifiable. Noah was drunken and guilty of incest, therefore the vilest and basest of crimes have the Bible for their defender and apologist! Sir, you must forsake the subterfuges of the skeptic, and submit your views to that sublime system of ethics inculcated by our Saviour.

What shall I think of your political sagacity, which would condemn our Western domain to the enervating influences of a system which cripples enterprise, paralyzes the hand of industry, impoverishes the soil, and curses unborn generations with a state of society where labour is degrading, common schools almost unknown, and the benign influence of the Bible forever shut out from a majority of the inhabitants? Are you a philanthropist, a Christian, a man? Can you see no heroism in that band of men who, with a far-reaching sagacity, would lay the foundations of empire deep in the hearts of an enlightened, free Christian people? I can hardly dignify your letter with the name of argument. Its style and language partake of that severity; that contempt for the rights and opinions of the people; that forgetfulness of justice; that disregard of the honest convictions of the purest and best minds of the age, which slavery, as a system, so uniformly develops in her politicians and public men. One idea, in the main, occupies your tirade, to wit: that the principles and policy of the Republican party are incompatible with the safety of the Union. You charge this party with endeavouring to oppress and degrade the slave States. You do not prove your charges. You cannot do it. And to crown your effort with the very acme of silliness, you cry treason, as though men, who have the interest, prosperity and the glory of the country at heart in a ten-fold greater degree than yourself, could be swerved from duty by the insane ravings of a madman. You look at everything with a Southern eye. You are steeped to the very bone with the most intense selfishness. You ignore the rights, prejudices, opinions of a majority of the citizens of this great Commonwealth. Is he a traitor who has the good of his country at heart? Was Jefferson a traitor when he penned that glorious ordinances of '87? Were our forefathers traitors who, covered with scars and renown, dedicated the common domain, in all its length and breath, to Freedom? Are their sons traitors who, at this day, imitate their example, copy their virtues and reinaugurate their policy? There was a time when men at the South cast their eyes beyond the narrow bounds of sectionalism, and placed a worthy gift upon the altar of humanity; when Southern men acquiesced in the consecration of their soil to the noblest ends which man ever devised. Would to God that you, and other men at the South, might copy their example, and, stemming the current of popular sentiment in your midst, might arise in Christian dignity and patriotism, and assist in dedicating our vast Western domain to God and Humanity!

You say that the principles and policy of the Republican party are not compatible with the safety of the Union. Sir, you have read the history of this country in vain if you still persist in such an unfounded assertion. This policy is as old as the Government. Was there any difficulty when our North-Western States were admitted, one by one? Were there, at that day, any Nebraska outrages; any Missouri mobs; any Legislatures whose acts were a disgrace to the civilization of the age? Would there be any difficulty now had that policy never been disturbed?

Sir, you wholly misunderstand the aims and principles of this party, which you sneeringly call a "faction." This great party is not composed of fanatics. Its ranks are filled with men of enlarged thoughts, philanthropic aims, Christian views. They are men whose convictions of truth and duty are earnest, sincere, heartfelt. They are men who dare do right, and leave the consequences with God. They will be deterred by no threats, seduced by no flatteries, pacified by no compromises. They have done with shifts, expedients and questions of doubtful policy. They are preeminently men of "backbone." A prominent profession in its ranks is the clergy—men whose industry, piety, self-denial and influence, has no stinted measure. The members of this party look at Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin — a glorious phalanx of States, teeming with industry, thrift, enterprise and wealth—the result of that early policy which declared all the territory of the United States "forever free." They are determined to reinaugurate that policy, and to stretch a chain of Republics, worthy of the name, to the shores of the Pacific. God, humanity, the interests of the human race, urge them onward. Providence has committed to her hands a glorious domain, as a home for the oppressed of all lands, and they will pursue a policy which will develop its resources, stimulate industry, organize schools and colleges, and crown labour with dignity and honour. Will men with such examples, motives and purposes, heed the fulminations of narrow, selfish slaveholders? What care such men for threats? Suppose, in the end, that slavery totters to its fall, and the bondman goes free; they will have no acts to regret, no compunctions of conscience to stifle, no tears to shed.

You may forsake argument. You may cultivate the manners and indulge in the language of a desperado; what care such men for that? But remember, the very moment you put these threats in execution, we shall treat you as traitors. We shall hold you by the throats till you cry "enough." You belong to this Union, and you shall stay in it. You are under the dominion of law, and you shall respect law. You belong to a Democratic government, and its ponderous wheels will not stop at the beck of a factious minority. For yourself, you may hug this precious system you so much glorify, to your heart's content. That is your business, not ours. You may lord it over your human chattels at your pleasure. Your children, if you so will it, may grow up debased in morals, illiterate in mind, overbearing and insulting in demeanour, but the public domain, which belongs to us in common, shall reecho with the glad songs of Freemen. We shall keep old compacts, fulfil old pledges; but consecrate, now and forever, the public domain to Freedom!

Sir, you mistake the North, if you suppose that this movement has its origin in political intrigue and chicanery. Our public men are behind the people in this matter. My profession, that of a physician, brings me in contact with every grade and condition of society. I know their thoughts and feelings upon this subject. I tell you, Sir, the people are terribly in earnest. A party has risen up whose principles are anchored deep in their hearts. They scrutinize the acts of their Representatives with a keenness more than mortal; and they will not rest till Justice—stern and inflexible in her demands—is satisfied.

Your sneer at New York, predicting that she will not abide in her present position, is ill-timed and unnecessary. She owes her greatness and power to the policy of this party, as carried out in her early history. Her career is a glorious illustration of its aims and purposes. Hands, nerved by a freeman's will, have connected the waters of New York bay with the Western lakes; have levelled her hills, filled up her vallies, threaded her whole surface with a net-work of railways, dammed up her streams, put her thousand manufactories in operation, manned her fleet of ships, endowed her schools and colleges, built her queenly city, the emporium of power, wealth, intellect and success. She intends that States, founded upon such principles as have so materially contributed to her progress, shall cover our Western wilds and develope, on a still grander scale, the endurance, capacity and might of free institutions.

Is she, at this late day, to forsake her early connections, her wide nationality, her liberal views of public policy? Can you not trust the reins of government in the hands of men who have wrought out such glorious results? What have you to lose by rulers imbued with such views? Will such plans, such policy, degrade your institutions, compromise your safety, destroy your prosperity? When famine and pestilence visit your borders, who so nobly generous as she? Whose purse yields up so glorious a tribute? Whose heart throbs with a nobler generosity? Cast aside, then, your low, sectional, mean purposes. Imitate that truly national and patriotic spirit so well illustrated in the history of the founders of the Republic. Imitate the glorious policy of New York. When it is in your power, plant other Empires who can inscribe upon banner, with a more truthful and hearty enthusiasm, "Excelsior."

Sir, I have done. If I have been severe, I have my warrant in the style of those defiant missiles which Southern insolence has of late cast upon the public, through the medium of the Northern press. I am only one of a hundred and thirty-five thousand men who, six weeks since, entered the ranks of the Republican party, to carry out a policy which has made us what we are, and upon which the safety, perpetuity and glory of the Republic depends. If I have given you a faint sketch of the ideas which lie at the foundation of this party, I am content.

HENRY M. T. SMITH.

Dunkirk, Nov. 28, 1855.

A MEMORABLE CONFESSION.

"IRRELIGIOUS" MEN AHEAD OF THE CHURCH IN MORALS AND IN THE PRACTICAL WORK OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE following article attracted considerable attention upon its first appearance, more than eight years ago. It was copied into the anti-slavery papers, and found a place in the *Vade Mecum* of more than one anti-slavery lecturer, to be used with great effect in parrying the assaults of a pro-slavery Church. It is as pertinent now as it ever was to the great issue between the Abolitionists and the American Churches, and we therefore reproduce it for the enlightenment of new readers and the edification of old ones. Our copy was transcribed from an impression of *The Evangelist*'s own types furnished us by a friend.

From The New York Evangelist, April 15, 1847.

CHRISTIANIZED SENSIBILITY vs. CHRISTIANITY.

From an able article in the *North British Review*, of Aug. last, we eliminate the following paragraphs, to which we add a brief comment and application:

"If we look to Christianity, which in our times has done much more to refine the sentiments of nations than to reform their morals—which has winged the thoughts of the thoughtful, has lent philosophy an upward impulse, has suffused those gentle sympathies that led men to *consider* their fellows even when they do not love them; Christianity has taught, it has trained, it has driven men to think at large of human well-being, of human responsibility, of human frailty, and of the individual import of the pains and joys of life, and all this in a manner *that now recoils upon Christianity* itself, and leads—it has led extensively—to a silent but resentful rejection of its claims. To individuals professing to reject Christianity on such grounds, the questions ought fairly to be put. What is it that has taught you to think Christianity and its revelations of futurity incredible? The true answer, although it is an answer which we should obtain only from ingenuous bosoms, would be: It is Christianity itself which has taught us a mode of thinking, and has suffused through our souls a moral instinct which, to us, renders it, taken as a whole, incredible, or if not incredible, insupportable. The wide diffusion of a purified Christianity on the surface of society, and the indirect influence of the refinement of tastes which results, especially among the cultivated classes, is generating infidelity and pantheism among us, silently, but to a great extent. It is a silent influence over the imagination, and over the moral sentiments of a cultivated people, which springs from a wide diffusion of the Gospel itself; we mean the Gospel, *freed from corruption, but bereft of power*. Two hundred years ago, the great truths of the Gospel beat strong in the trunk arteries; but had not sent fine feeling and a fine complexion to the surface of man's moral nature. The result of the expected and desired diffusion of Christianity in highly civilized countries, under its present aspect of a mild, purifying, but powerless influence, is an antagonist re-action, from *Christianized sensibility*, upon Christianity itself, and which must bring about, unless the course of things be early arrested, the substitution silently of a Christianized pantheism."

Add to these certain late sayings of Dr. Chalmers, and our text is complete:

"Here lies an immense responsibility on professing Christains, if such men as Carlyle, with their importunate and most righteous demand for all the generous and God-like virtues of the Gospel are not brought to the obedience of the faith. There must be a most deplorable want amongst us of the 'light shining before men,' when, instead of glorifying our course, they can speak, and with a truth the most humiliating, of our *inert and improvident orthodoxy*. These withering abjurations of Carlyle, who has done so much to vindicate and bring to light the Augustan age of Christianity in England, should be of use to our Churches. It should set us to praying that that Augustan age of Puritanism might come back again to reform our state and bless our families."

Here is important truth, not more applicable to the aspects of religion and morality in England than here, where, to the shame of the Church it must be spoken, the foremost men in some of our philanthropic movements, in the interpretation of the spirit of the age, in the practical applications of Christianity, in the reformation of abuses, in the vindication of the rights of man, are men who make no profession, and whom we have no reason to believe to be experimentally acquainted with Christianity. The Church has pusillanimously left not only the working oar, but the very reins of certain necessary reforms of the day in the hands of men who, if not before inimical to Christianity, will be made so by Christianity's neglect of what it is its proper mission to look after. They are doing practically with all their might, for humanity's sake, what the Church ought to be doing as heartily, through its ministry and representative men, for Christ's sake.

And if they succeed, as succeed they will, in abolishing slavery, in banishing intemprance, in killing war, in restraining licentiousness, in reforming social abuses, then the recoil upon Christianity, the antagonistic reaction from these Christianized sensibilities upon the cause of religion itself, will be disastrous in the extreme. Woe be to religion when irreligious men, by force or the tendency of the age, get ahead of the Church in morals and in the practical work of Christianity. In some instances they are already a long ways ahead. And we might specify individuals and journals in this country that are far before the recognised organs of the Church, in the advocacy of truth and righteousness and liberty. It would be difficult to say whether there is the more disgrace or danger in a fact like this.

We learn from Scripture, and it is a little remarkable that it is the only exact definition of religion found in the sacred volume, that pure religion and undefiled before God even the father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them; whatever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them.

THE KANSAS QUESTION AT THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: A very erroneous opinion seems to obtain at the North in regard to the prevalence of pro-slavery sentiments throughout the South. There is no doubt a large majority in the slave States who are opposed to any change in the domestic institutions of their respectives States. But this does not prevent their regretting that the institution of slavery was ever fastened upon them. Nor does it prevent a warm but silent sympathy from existing in favour of the *Free State Kansas movement.*

Knowing the evils which they suffer from slavery—opposed though they may be to any change, for fear of greater evils—they are deeply anxious that other portions of our common country, now free from slavery, may continue to remain free. In the same manner that were the question an original one in regard to slavery in their immediate midst, they would unquestionably oppose it.

The absence of backbone, so frequently exhibited at the North, excites repeated regrets from a large portion of the people of the South.

When will the North learn that the great heart of the South loathes the political demagogues who assume to be leaders in slavery propagandism? And though, from their peculiar position, the people of the South may apparently assent by their silence to the ultra pro-slavery sentiments put forward in their behalf, they cannot cease from wondering why the people of the North, *not in their position*, do not speak out nobly and unanimously for Freedom.

If there were any deepfelt anxiety on the part of the South in favour of Kansas being a slave State, why such an absence of any practical schemes or effects to bring around so desirable a result? If the real sentiments of the South could be ascertained, I believe as great a number could be found who would rejoice to see Kansas become a free State as the number who would rejoice to see it organized as a slave State. And were it not for a somewhat prevalent apprehension that the admission of Kansas as a free State would be hailed as a victory of the North, and consequently encouraging the North to make more direct aggressions on the institutions of the South, the number favourable to freedom in Kansas would probably compose a decided majority of the intelligent citizens of the South. It is this scarcrow of Abolitionism or direct Northern interference with the institutions of the South that Southern political demagogues use with such effect in smothering all outspoken sympathy for the Republican movement of the North.

Still, south of Mason and Dixon's line, there are more warm admirers of Wm. H. Seward than of S. A. Douglas. And in reality the rights of the South, I doubt not, would be safer in the hands of that faithful champion of Liberty than in the hands of this time-server who has bid so largely for popularity in the South.

As an evidence of sympathy in favour of freedom in Kansas, a late paper published at Paris, in the interior of this State, deplores the painful sight of seeing so many *New York Tribunes* and *Cincinnati Commercials* distributed on each arrival of the mail, while other papers outside of Kentucky and favourable to Douglas and the Kansas-Nebraska Act find so few subscribers!

Late advices from Kansas give further corroboration to the statements above. Newspapers and correspondents are remarking the large number of citizens from the South who are firm advocates of Kansas being a free State.

ANTI-DISUNION.

Kenton County, Ky., Nov. 18, 1855.

COMING EVENTS FORESHADOWED.

From The Philadelphia North American.

MORE TERRITORY.—The twenty-ninth parallel of latitude is named as the next Southern boundary of the Union. General Gadsden is said to have been negotiating with Santa Anna for a new cession of territory, including all north of tha tline, when the progress of the revolution interrupted the proceedings. Of course, no one knows how true this is; *but General Gadsden has a way of writing home to his friends vague hints of important things going on, which sets conjecture all agog to ascertain the precise truth.* The difficulty about the payment of the three millions of the last indemnity, and the demand for reparation for Callahan's invasion and the burning of Piedras Negras, all conspire to assist this conclusion; and probably before President Pierce goes out of office, he will communicate a new treaty with a fresh demand on our surplus millions. The twenty-ninth parallel would throw into the United States two-thirds of the Mexican State of Sonora and two-thirds of Chihauhua, with population enough to form one of our States. In such case, the new territory would have to go under political pupilage as a Territory, or else New Mexico would have to be admitted as a State. A rumour is afloat in the newspapers, to the effect that Gen. Gadsden has sent word to Washington, that if the balance of the Mesilla indemnity be not paid to the present Government of Mexico, not another foot of territory will be ceded to the United States. Meantime, we have various other projects for acquiring new colonies. Thus the report is revived that Russia is willing to sell her American possessions to us for a consideration in money—rather too Arctic a matter for the folks at Washington, as neither cotton, tobacco, hemp, rice, nor sugar, can be grown up there. Then there is a report coming from Europe that Russia has suggested to Denmark the propriety of settling the difficulty between the latter and the United States by selling to us the Danish West India Island of St. Thomas, the price of which, five millions of dollars, may be taken also as our consideration for freeing us of the Sound dues. St. Thomas is a small island to the windward of Porto Rico, with a population of seven thousand souls. Right near to it is another small island, called Santa Cruz, also owned by Denmark, with thirty-two thousand inhabitants. For five millions of dollars, we ought to get both of these. But St. Thomas is of much importance from its geographical position, which is such as would render it a formidable position in the hands of a naval power. It has a fine harbour, and is always first sought by vessels in distress coming from seaward. Were it in our possession, it would, in a great measure, nullify the purpose for which the British hold the West Indies, as a naval power might from it command the whole eastern front of the West Indies and the coast of the United States.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855.

☞ ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC ON BEHALF OF THE TWENTY-SECOND NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.—To a public, every member of which is deeply and personally interested in the subject, the Commitee of the TWENTY-SECOND NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR renew their appeal for aid in the extinction of Slavery.

The *situation* is precisely the same as when Whigs, Democrats, and Abolitionists—Human rights, Northern rights, and the Missouri Compromise—were ridden over, rough-shod, in Boston streets, by slaveholders.

To all who weakly wished and hoped that Massachusetts would have controlled the situation when Simms and Burns were carried off, against all law, humanity and religion, by United States troops, we in the first place make our appeal. Do you wish to remain in this disgraced and humbled posture, gentlemen and friends, here in Boston—Massachusetts—New England? Yet in it you are, and *must* remain, till there is more anti-slavery feeling in this community—more high-mindedness — more devotedness — more gentlemanliness — more religion. If there were a slave arrested to-morrow, can you flatter yourselves he would be carried off in spite of you, for the want of these high qualities? Allow us, then, to suggest to you the necessity of doing something *now*, to promote them. "When the water is *low*, work at the mounds!" Do not wait till another cause of excitement shall arrive, and find—as before—the anti-slavery men too few to meet it triumphantly; but contribute the *pecuniary* means of increasing their numbers by the only possible *moral* means—the means employed with success on every other occasion where important changes are to be made: the propagation of principle, the spreading of information, the presenting of argument, appeal, entreaty, denunciation, as the case may require, through agents, newspapers, books, tracts and lectures.

☞ It is necessary to raise TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS for these purposes, *immediately;* and the Committee take this occasion not only to advertise the Twenty-Second National Anti-Slavery Bazaar (which the community cannot fail to attend, as it has so long done, for *taste's* sake) but to claim liberal donations, for Honour, Safety, Freedom, and Righteousness sake.

☞ *All persons* whose eye this meets, are invited, for their own sakes, to make common cause with us, on this occasion.

☞ Articles of use, taste, ornament, dress and decoration, will be most carefully and conscientiously received, and disposed of at the highest market prices. Contributions of all kinds for the Refreshment Table will be also highly advantageous to the cause.

☞ The abundant European contributions already received are far more attractive, in an artistic sense, than ever before.

The Bazaar will open at the HALL, No. 15 WINTER STREET, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19th.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
21 CORNHILL, BOSTON. *For the Committee.*

MORE CLERICAL PRO-SLAVERY.

OUR readers will doubtless remember that some months ago there was published, in Boston, "A Letter of Inquiry to Ministers of the Gospel, of all denominations, on Slavery by a Northern Presbyter"; that this anonymous pamphlet, affirming nothing, insinuated the inquiry whether slavery was not an institution of God according to natural religion, and also according to revealed religion, and to the law of love, and thus an institution to be cherished, maintained and extended, instead of overthrown; that the authorship of this letter was soon traced to the Rev. Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College, and that, some time after, a letter appeared under his signature in the *Vermont Chronicle*, avowing that authorship, and further declaring that the ideas suggested by interrogation in that letter were established opinions in his own mind, which, having well considered, he was prepared to defend. These avowals were, of course, extensively read and commented on; and Dr. Lord's defence of the theory was naturally enough, associated in the minds of many with Dr. Nehemiah Adams's defence of its practice.

We have now, in a pamphlet of 99 pages, just published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, "A Northern Presbyter's second letter to minister's of the Gospel, of all denominations, on Slavery: by Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College." In this letter the author refers to the censure passed upon his former publications, and, questioning the wisdom of his reviewers, proposes to justify what he formerly wrote, and to substantiate, by additional reasonings, his original positions. He declares that his former letters were written in a full knowledge of what the *New Englander* and other journals have since published in reproof of them, and, deciding that philosophy and philanthropy are here but impertinent intermeddlers, he takes the case from their jurisdiction, and assumes to settle it by a Divine standard, "the law and the testimony," or the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

Pursuing the order of arrangement of the original letters, Presbyter first calls the attention of his readers to "the Question," namely, of the *Divine right* of slavery. He uses the term according to its proper scientific import, as the denomination of a state of bondage in which one man becomes, by law, the property of another man, and subject to the master's will. The one owns, the other is owned, according to law; and this presupposes an authority of the State, under God, to institute the relation and to regulate it. The Question is, whether this relation is right or wrong; whether God forbids it—that is, whether it is forbidden in Scripture; or whether, in the nature of the case, it is impossible for one man so to rule over another man without violating the principles of natural justice and benevolence. (In this last specification, Presbyter seems to be coquetting hazardously with those unprincipled usurpers, philosophy and philanthropy, but this is his affair more than ours.)

Our author assumes, as premises needful to the decision of these questions, the existence of a personal God and moral governor, and the supreme authority of natural and revealed religion as the guide of life. He warns his readers against the assumption that it is his object to defend slavery *as it exists* in this country or anywhere else, stamps the Abolitionists as madmen, and scoffs at the aspiration after liberty, equality, fraternity, in any merely natural conditions of the earth and man. He then proceeds to consider, in the second place,

"The Argument." 1st, From natural religion; which he defines to be, not (as it is commonly supposed) nature's teachings concerning God, but God's own account of his mode of governing the world, and his rule for the subordinate government of it by his authorized servants; an oral and traditional, in distinction from a written, revelation, dispensed, in successive periods, to men called and appointed of God, and thus handed down, through successive generations, till it was at length incorporated and republished, with overt formalities and miraculous attestations, in the Holy Scripture.

It is necessary to follow with especial care our author's *proof* of the rectitude of slavery by "natural religion" (itself a miraculous revelation, and only differing from "revealed religion" in being not yet written down), the connection of its parts being such that if the premises had the small-pox, the conclusion would be in no danger of catching it. Here is the demonstration, at full length, in Dr. Lord's own words.

"By the natural law of wickedness the discords and irregularities of earth tend constantly to increase and multiply, and to issue, as in material natures, in a series of destructions and new creations. The power of evil in individual minds accumulates, and the consequent disturbances of the social state become more aggravated, till, without restraints, premature and universal catastrophe would ensue. God speaks the word—for his rainbow is painted on the cloud—and says to the proud swelling waves, "Thus far shall ye go, but no farther." He interposes *governments*, to sustain the feeble, to check the unruly, to punish transgressors, to destroy the incorrigibly wicked, to make such examples of the evil of sin, and of his displeasure against it, that men may see and be afraid, and that the distracted world may not die before its time. The most comprehensive form of delegated government, and, according to nature, the most authoritative, is the State; and the State is God's minister, bearing not the sword in vain.

"But the world, revolted as it is from the Creator, makes very difficult work for the subordinate governments of earth. The difficulty is increased by the imperfection and malfeasance of public officers, who sometimes abuse their power until the whole distracted scene winds up in revolution, and a new dynasty appears. But dynasties must exist; for the world, and every state, like every particular man, have their respective periods, and, in a state of anarchy, would prematurely die. For the more effectual regulation of society, every State is obliged to make various distribution of its powers. Tribes, hordes, States, races, sometimes fall off to such low degrees of ignorance, barbarism and licentiousness, as to require great vigilance and severe authority from the more intelligent and civilized, lest they should become self-destructive, or injurious to neighbouring States, or precipitate general confusion throughout the world. Civilized communities are driven to various expedients to forestall, diminish or alleviate these necessary evils. One of these providential expedients, as old as society itself, and an accredited element in its government from the beginning, is *domestic slavery*—sign of a bad world, yet necessary to keep it from worse conditions—badly enough administered at best, and sometimes past endurance, yet better, on the whole, than would be the absence of it, *in the existing state of society at large.*"

The above paragraph being seriously presented by our author as proof that slavery is authorized by natural religion, we need not be surprised at his further statements that the law of slavery was republished in the first written statutes of the Almighty, and inwrought into the Mosaic code; and that the New Testament, equally with the Old, recognises the natural institution, reflects its peculiar light back upon it, and *confirms* it as a natural ordinance of God. So that slavery stands in the Divine counsels as well ascertained and settled, in its own order, as any other natural institution for the well-being of mankind, and to contend against it is to contend against the government of God, and put in jeopardy the social interests of the world. Moreover, he asserts, "Badly as slavery has been carried on in these last days, and in our own country, it has actually, in no small degree, answered its righteous and benevolent design."

The proof "by revealed religion" of the rectitude of slavery is stated by Presbyter as follows:

"Thus: the hand of inspiration points us, with unmistakable precision, to the subjection of mankind in general to the toil and sweat of *slaving* the earth, on account of the sin of their progenitors; to the subsequent banishment, stigma, social inferiority and civil disability of the murderous Cain; to the proscription and alienation of his posterity in their generations; to the unnatural crime of Ham, at the outset of a new experiment and dispensation upon the re-peopled earth; to the consequent prophetic malediction of Noah upon his degenerate son, corresponding to the previous curse of Cain, dooming his posterity, definitely and indefinitely, to perpetual servitude to his more virtuous brethren, and making his degradation subservient to their social enlargement as an everlasting memorial in vindication of the righteous government of God; to the historical fulfilment of that prophetic curse in all the subsequent periods of Jewish and Christian history, verifying the Divine Word in a long course of signal providences equally with respect to the Hamitic, Shemitic and Japhetic nations down to the present day, and calling the attention of the world to this perpetual sign of God's personality and active rule among the children of men, through all the vicissitudes of human affairs; to the authorized enslaving of imbecile and dangerous men by the patriarchs, in all periods, till the giving of the law, in token of the Divine purpose to preserve society, measurably, henceforth, from the evils which had brought the flood upon the earth; to the specific commands of God to the Israelites to reduce their barbarous and ungodly neighbours to bondage, in subserviency to the Divine purpose of sequestering that nation, as his peculiar property, till Japheth should come into possession of the tents of Shem; to the repeated enslaving of the Jews themselves, by Divine appointment, and in fulfilment of Divine predictions, for their conformity to those vile practices for which they had been commanded to enslave their heathen neighbours; to the judgments of God upon the Jews when they abused this ordinance to the oppression of the heathen whom they were required to reduce, and privileged to buy and sell, for the better ordering of the State; and to similar judgments upon the heathen when they inflicted like abuses upon the captive Jews; to the existence and severe abuses of slavery in the time of Christ and the apostles, their unqualified recognition of the ordinance, and equally unqualified reprobation of its abuses, and to their express and often repeated injunctions upon the masters and slaves, whereby the ordinance would be made more subservient to its natural design; and to all this without the slightest intimation in the Old Testament or the New, as if slavery were a necessary and unmitigated evil, or inconsistent with any natural rights of man, or contrary to any dictates of justice, benevolence, prudence or propriety; but contrarily implying, with irresistible significancy, that any such intimation, on any such pretended grounds of natural rights, justice, benevolence, prudence or propriety, would be absurd, contradictory to all the known methods and historical records of the Divine government over the fallen world, and not to be thought of by any Christian man, or even any mere philanthropist who would justify his title to such a name, in carrying on this wild and distracted natural scene before the predicted day of its supernatural restitution."

Having thus disposed of, first, the Question of the Divine Right of slavery, and next the two-fold authentication of it by natural and revealed religion, Presbyter comes in the third place to "The Test: the Law of Love," which is pressed into the service of slavery in this wise.

"God is love: the end of the commandment is love: all things are referable to this only true and absolute standard of virtue. It is the test of slavery. If slavery cannot stand its criticism, it is the greatest of social evils, and should be destroyed.

"God is love. But God is a consuming fire. A fire goeth before him and burneth up his enemies round about; always a fire of love, but *objectively displayed* in executing judgment and justice upon those whom his wisdom could not convince, nor his holiness awe, nor his goodness soften. The account of this, as revealed by religion, is that, God having this infinite perfection as a moral governor, the only worthy end of his government is the manifestation of his own glory. The happiness of creatures who are infinitely below him, and dependent upon him, could not, as mere humanitarianism and philanthropy propose, be his end, but only a stated consequence of their being like him. If we suppose a world to fall from its allegiance to him, his infinite love of excellence, and *his great end of thereby making himself illustrious*, would, from the necessity of the case, *repel the fallen*. The goodness of his nature might compassionately suggest expedients for effecting their return, and give them a probation. But if they refused the overtures of his compassion, his infinite love of virtue would *more repel them*, and the separation, if the probation were fruitless, would necessarily be eternal.

"Now, this world *is* thus fallen. Natural and revealed religion presuppose this fact, and start out from it. These systems are the expressions of Divine love; and love is honoured as well in their sanctions of punishment as of reward, since God's end in his creation and government of this world is *not* the happiness of his creatures, but his own glory in the manifestation of his perfections. Therefore, since evil certainly exists in this world, and since God's love of excellence is engaged to restrain and punish it—whatever reasons exist in natural and revealed religion for the institution of civil government, *and for domestic slavery as an important modification of it*, for the more effectual restraint and discipline of imbecile and wicked men, prove it to be *consistent* with the Divine love, and *required* by it, for the ends of God's moral providence." Q. E. D.

Worthy readers, would you like to see black instantaneously transformed to white, vice to virtue, slavery to love? *Presto*, CHANGE! Here they are.

From the foregoing statements, the author deduces four corollaries.

If slavery be, as argued above, an ordinance of God, and consistent with Divine love, it follows:

1st, That all contrary suppositions must be false.

2d, That we may reasonably look for the fallacy in a specious humanitarian philosophy.

3d, That the anti-slavery movement must be referred to the prevalence of this false philosophy.

4th, That consequently it is the duty of all virtuous and patriotic men, and especially of ministers of the Gospel, to beware of this specious and wide-spreading sophistry.

The pamphlet closes, appropriately, with the following statement:

"The problem of the future must be solved, mainly, by ministers of the Gospel. They are the constituted leaders of society in morals and religion."

The space necessarily consumed by so full a statement of Dr. Lord's *argument* must prevent any comment this week.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIANS.—The action of this sect in suspending from the ministry the Rev. T. B. McCormick for aiding fugitive slaves induced a wish on our part to secure an exchange with some one of the weekly newspapers of the denomination. That wish is gratified in the receipt of the *Watchman and Evangelist* of Louisville, Ky.—a courtesy on the part of the editors of that journal for which they have our thanks. In the issue for Nov. 29th we find an article in relation to the case of Mr. McCormick, from which we present an extract:

"We have been both pained and amused, at times, in noticing the various versions which have been given of an extract taken from the minutes of the Spring Session of the Indiana Presbytery; which minutes were published in the, *Watchman and Evangelist* several months since.

"The extract alluded to contains the charge and specifications preferred against one of the members of that Presbytery—Rev. T. B. McCormick—of 'assisting slaves in making their escape from free to slave territory,' of which he was found guilty, and for which he was suspended.

"The charge was a serious one, and the facts as proved of an aggravated character, yet we have been pained to see that some of the papers, with the view of heaping a greater weight of odium upon this erring brother, states that he visited one of his ministerial brethern in Kentucky, partook of his hospitalities, prayed with his family, and, in the meantime, arranged matters with his servants to make their escape.' No such charge was made, or brought to light by the evidence. We are free to make this assertion, as all the proceedings in the case were furnished us for publication. The members of the Indiana Presbytery did not stop to inquire whether the owners of the runaway slaves were members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of any other church, or of any church at all. Their object was to vindicate the Church which they represented from the charge of conniving at any violation of either National or State statutes. It was a painful duty to perform; but, to their credit as well as to the honour of their church, they shrunk not from it. And we are pleased to say that their action has received the approval of some of the best Christians and wisest statesmen of the day."

THE KANSAS DISTURBANCES.

THE claims upon our space are so numerous that we cannot find room for the full details, furnished by the daily press, of the origin and progress of those recent disturbances in Kansas, the first telegraphic reports of which filled the land with apprehensions of civil war. We shall therefore consult our own convenience and that of our readers by giving the substance of the story in as brief a space as possible. The report that the difficulty originated in outrages committed by Free State men turns out, as we felt sure it would, to be entirely false. It began in the foul murder of a Free State man by a pro-slavery ruffian.

At Hickory Point, twelve miles South of Lawrence, lived a young unmarried man, named Charles W. Dow, formerly of Ohio. In the neighbourhood were several families of Missourians—pro-slavery men—and among them a Mr. Coleman,* a violent and desperate man, who had "jumped the claim" of a Mr. Farley—in other words, settled upon land previously "entered" by the latter. Arbitrators decided that he must leave, and he did so, but stole some shingles belonging to Farley, and with these, and some timber he had cut on Farley's land, built a house on an adjoining claim. As a further illustration of Coleman's character it is related that he and some other pro-slavery men went to the house of Farley on the 30th of last March, while that gentleman was absent, and drove his wife out, and threw out their things. About the same time a violent and threatening letter was sent to a Mr. Branson, in which they threatened to "exterminate the last blue-bellied Yankee in the country." This Coleman, it seems, had once burned a limekiln on the land of Mr. Dow, cutting down his timber therefor without leave. On Thursday, Nov. 21, Coleman, assisted by a man named Buckley, went again on to Mr. Dow's land and began to cut down trees preparatory to burning a second limekiln. Mr. Dow, accompanied by Mr. Branson with whom he boarded, went to the trespasser and ordered him to desist. After some sharp words, Coleman and Buckley went off, whereupon, Dow and his friend went home. Subsequently, on the same day, Dow had occasion to go to a blacksmith's shop in the neighbourhood, and, in doing so, he had to pass Coleman's house, where a low groggery was kept. Branson advised him to go armed, apprehending that he might be assaulted by Coleman or some of his gang. But Dow took no weapon, saying he was not afraid. At the shop he met Buckley, Coleman's friend, who abused and threatened to shoot him. It seems that they left the shop together, going on toward Coleman's house, disputing as they went. As they were walking along (on the Santa Fé waggon road), Dow discovered Coleman sitting by the side of the road, near his own house, with a shot-gun in his hand. Dow passed, but had gone only a few steps when he heard a cap burst on a gun; instantly turning around, he saw Coleman with a piece presenting at him. He raised his hand and said, "Don't shoot"; but at that instant Coleman, who had put another cap on his gun, fired—the contents, a heavy charge of buckshot, lodging in the breast of the unfortunate Dow, and killing him. Two of the shot had pierced his heart. Several other persons were present, friends of Coleman and settlers from Missouri. The names of these men are Hargus, Burkley, Moody and Wagoner. Two of them had participated in the lime burning, and were, doubtless, accessories to this most atrocious murder, which had evidently been coolly premeditated. This was all done in sight of Coleman's house and the groggery, and happened at 1 o'clock. No one of those gathered about Coleman's house, and there were some eight or ten, went to remove the body or to inform any one of the murder. So the dead body lay by the roadside till 5 o'clock, when Branson, somehow or other, heard of it, and had it taken care of.

Nearly one hundred citizens met at Hickory Point next day, buried the body (firing a salute over the grave), took such evidence in the case as they could procure, and resolved, if possible, to bring the murderer to justice.

Coleman fled to Missouri; then went to Shawnee Mission and conferred with Gov. Shannon. What stories he told we are left to infer. A justice of the peace, appoint

LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

JOHN P. HALE AT PLYMOUTH.—We find the following notice in the *Old Colony Memorial* of Dec. 1st:

"The second lecture of the 'Independent' course was delivered in the Davis Hall, on Wednesday evening, by John P. Hale, of New Hampshire. The audience was large and intelligent, and the lecturer was frequently interrupted by loud applause. The lecture occupied an hour in the delivery, and was decidedly the best effort we have ever heard from Mr. Hale. He chose for his subject the action of the Federal Government with regard to Slavery in its Territories, and handled it in a manner that proved him entirely a master of his theme. He spoke without notes and introduced much wit and good humour in his illustrations of facts. The lecture was as anti-slavery as the most *independent* among us could desire."

THEODORE PARKER AT SYRACUSE.—Mr. Parker delivered a lecture, a few days since, at Syracuse, upon the "Character, Condition and Prospects of the American People." The *Standard* says:

"The lecture was a perfect string of intellectual pearls, plentifully interspersed with diamonds of the first water. His picture of America, its present character and future destiny, was simple and truthful, and at the same time grand and imposing; and its force and sublimity was felt by all his hearers. He told us, in plain and forcible language, just what we are, how we came to be what we are, in what points we excel, and in what we are deficient. His style was fascinating and his arguments convincing. In fact it was such a lecture as is seldom heard, and must be listened to in order to be fully appreciated."

LECTURE ON HAYTI.—We learn from the Portsmouth (N. H.) *Chronicle* that B. C. Clark, of Boston, delivered an interesting lecture at the former place, on the 20th ult., upon Hayti, her history, the character of her government, and her claims to a decent place in the family of nations. The *Chronicle* says:

"Incidentally he gave a charcoal sketch of Napoleon le Grand, and not exactly a chalky image of his new and very partial historian, the Rev. Mr. Abbott, who very strangely omits all mention of Napoleon's ill-starred expedition which he sent against Hayti, and of course never names Toussaint, the Wallace of Hayti.

"We had supposed, when the subject of the lecture was first announced, that we should listen to a lecture on the decay and dilapidation of a beautiful island, on the inability of the black man to be or do much for himself, &c., but, on the contrary, we found an earnest and, in some passages, highly eloquent appeal for liberty, humanity and equity. We have no idea that it could be universally acceptable, yet several passages brought down the house with such boisterous applause as would not have been tolerated in the old Plymouth Lyceum. Modern politicians and present political and moral questions were handled without gloves. Liberia and Nebraska, compromises made and broken, came up like ghosts at the orator's bidding. He spoke of the Haytien compromise as lasting *nine* years, and of the Missouri as lasting *thirty*, though both were made to last *forever*, from which he deduced the consequence, that compromise-breakers wished to make eternity as short as possible."

HERETICAL LECTURERS.—The Newport (N. H.) *Argus* (a hunker Democratic sheet) having complained that "the managers of many of the Lyceums use them for the promulgation of the most ultra political fanaticism of the day"—that "it is not an uncommon thing for many of the lectures to be delivered by such men as Fred. Douglass, W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, J. P. Hale, J. R. Giddings, and the like"—men whom it accuses of being "*all* opposed to the continuance of the Union," and who "embrace every opportunity afforded for the promulgation of their views"—and having expressed the opinion that "Lyceums should keep aloof from such miserable trash"—the Claremont *Northern Advocate* responded as follows:

"We are glad to find that our exceedingly liberal, patriotic and hugely democratic neighbours are in favour of 'elevating' and 'expanding' lyceum lectures. We hope they will exert themselves to start a course in Newport. We are indebted to the people of that town for the liberal patronage they have given our course, and the compliment will be cheerfully returned whenever an opportunity is presented. We have, moreover, seen the editors of the *Argus* present only on one occasion, and that was to hear Miss Lucy Stone, whom no one will accuse of trying to conceal her 'abolition heresies.' When Judge Gilchrist lectured, neither of them were present; showing, after all, that they preferred listening to 'abolition heresy' from the lips of a pretty girl to even a political friend of 'literary and scientific acquirements'! How many tickets does the *Argus* suppose could be disposed of for a course of lectures where such 'abolition heretics' as Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Anson Burlingame, Dr. Neal, John P. Hale, Theodore Parker, J. R. Giddings, Charles Sumner, Rev. E. H. Chapin, R. W. Emerson, and others, were excluded! We wish they would make the experiment. The fact is, they are just the men the people want to hear, and the narrow souls that wouldn't listen to them may well be ranked among the 'miserable trash' who find their level only among the abject sycophants at the feet of despots and slave-drivers. The pitiful fling at Hale and Giddings, as being 'opposed to the continuance of the Union,' betrays a spirit infinitely blacker than the face of Fred. Douglass.

"The truth is, all our New England professional lecturers are identified with the great moral reformation so bitterly hated by such grovelling toadies as the editors of the *Argus*. They are, too, all of them, men distinguished for high 'literary and scientific attainments,' and the two combined form the great secret of their success. Admiring crowds everywhere listen with delight to their thrilling eloquence, and they are avoided only by narrow, bigoted souls, whose sordid intellects and prejudiced vision 'smell' 'abolition heresy' in everything that is noble, generous and patriotic."

HORACE GREELEY AT WILMINGTON, DEL.—Mr. Greeley, on his way to Washington, accepted an earnest invitation to stop in Wilmington and read his Lecture on Europe and America. A writer in the Westchester (Pa.) *Independent Herald* gives the following account of the performance:

"I never saw a President, nor would I go far out of my way to see any one who is *likely* to fill that office; but when it was announced that Horace Greeley would lecture in Wilmington, the wish to see and hear him became too urgent to be easily resisted, and, after riding ten miles in a crowded stage, and facing the north home again, the coldest night of the season, in an open wagon guiltless of springs, I count the pleasure cheaply purchased.

"He read his discourse, seldom raising his eyes from the manuscript; there was one time, during the delivery, that I feared his thoughts had led him away, and that he had forgotten there was an audience before him. His eyes are very nuns in their exclusiveness at best, though, from the half-satisfactory glimpse caught as their proprietor passed near me, I judge them to be expressive of the 'world-wide sympathy' of the earnest reformer.

"Europe and America was the title of his lecture. He pictured a voyage across the Atlantic, but did not tarry on the ocean; landed in England, spoke of its agriculture and commerce, looked at the Metropolis, took the portrait of an Englishman, hastened to the sister Isle and over it, crossed the channel to France, and halted in Paris. His opinion of the Emperor has not changed for the better since visiting his domain, and the peculiarities of the French character and capital passed a rapid review, and were evidently touched by a master artist. Paris was interesting, but from that beautiful city, where he doubted not there were some hallowed homes, he hurried to Mont Blanc and its purer atmosphere. Germany was visited, and the scenery of the Rhine pronounced perfect—not a vineyard too many, not a ruin wanting. It would not compare with the Hudson, everything about the latter river being new and incomplete. The classic soil of Italy was walked over—works of art looked upon; but decay and disease hung over the Eternal City, and she looks abroad for some hand to help her.

"Young America was brought up and made to face his own errors and absurdities. He got praised for the good deeds he has done, but no clemency was extended to his faults and inconsistencies. His propensity for boasting was held up to him, and wincing and blushes did not save him the humiliation of looking into the mirror in which others see him; and he was plainly told that, unless his manners change for the better, he stands a fair chance of 'running his face against somebody's fist.'

"With characteristic promptness, Horace applied the rod whenever occasion offered, to slavery, war, intemperance, monopoly, &c., and his faith in 'a good time coming' seems never to falter.

"The Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded by attentive listeners. The lecture was *worthy of the man*—I cannot well say more."

MR. GARRISON AT HAVERHILL.—Mr. Garrison gave the sixth lecture in a regular anti-slavery course at Haverhill, Mass., on the 5th inst. *The Gazette* of that place gives the following summary of the lecture, with a cautious commendation of its character:

"The speaker prefaced his address by saying that he regretted his inability to bring to bear upon this question the weight of influence and position or the power of eloquence. Nothing but opprobrium and derision had been heaped upon the advocates of the anti-slavery cause, but he desired to speak whether those before him would hear or forbear. In his remarks he should represent that phase of abolitionism termed the most radical and the most dangerous, and, in speaking, he should measure his hearers by their own standard; and if he did so, they had no right to complain. The Constitution and the Bill of Rights of the State of Massachusetts, which the citizens subscribe to as their standard of right, he affirmed to be the basis of Garrisonian abolitionism. The first article in the Bill of Rights, declaring that 'all men are born free and equal,' &c., is the doctrine of radical abolitionism, and every man who swears to support the Bill of Rights is an ultra, fanatical, infidel Abolitionist, in the pro-slavery sense of these terms. It had been said that the Bible sanctions slavery; if so, and it is a true book, then the Bill of Rights is a falsehood, for it not only omits to sanction slavery, but denies that slavery is a natural condition of man.

"The speaker regarded the community as pro-slavery clear through; and unless the sentiment of Massachusetts can be abolitionized, it is absurd to think of abolitionizing Carolina.

"Mr. Garrison's speech was a very searching one and was characterized by candour and closeness of argument; some portions of which were very severe and cutting to minds that are so unfortunate as to be influenced by pro-slavery tendencies."

LEATHERVILLE LYSEUM.

LEATHERVILLE, Dec. 10, 1855.

DEAR COUSIN: This is the fust minit I've had since I come to Leatherville, en I set right down to keep my promus; en ef I dont make out much of a letter, you must recolleck I'm in a strange place, en haint exactly got the hang er things yit. . . Wall, ye see, my tenement 's about a mile from the villige; en, tother night, ez I 's ridin over to the post-office to git a letter, which I didn't git arter all, I come up to a feller jist afore I got there; en sez I, Mister, what's that air light? Ses he, that's our Lyseeum —meets every Saturday night. Public? ses I. Free as air, ses he. So thinks I, costs nothin, guess 'll drap in—ef I'd sed, guess I'll squeeze in, I should er hit it better, for 'twas chock full uv all sorts er folks, some on em rich, and some on em poor, en all dressed 'cordin tew—en ladies tew kill, and who, though they didn't say northin that night, looked ez if they could argefy fust rate, if they had a chance, en I shouldn't wonder if they should spunk up en jine, bime bye, for some on 'em come uv a speakin family. Wall, ez I 's goin to say, the subjeck was, Air the principles en mesures uv the Anteslavery Society worthy of the support of the American people (which, uv course, means all creation). Some ev the speakin was dredful mushy, and then agin some uv it was, I vow, jist about the cutest you ever did see. All hands begun by saying slavery was a great sin, but the measures were the pint they objected to. One negative feller said the doctrine ev abstrack right was all wrong, en stuck tew it; 'twas right to dew wrong on pertickler occasions; and sited the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrow, and the diludge, to prove it, when God destroyed thousands of poor innocent creeturs along with the guilty, which, ses he, was sartainly wrong in the abstrack, but 'twas the best he could do under the suckumstances—which satified *him* twas right to do wrong when you couldn't do better. En then he went rite on to blow up the Abolitionists for not discriminatin 'mong the slaveholders, some er whom, ses he, are good Chreestian people. By this time, he kinder gin out en sot down, en a firmative feller riz up like a shot, en looked edzactly ez ef he had at least a cord of anteslavery wood all cut en dried en set fire to; you could see it blazin right out uv his eyes. Ses he, mebby there's some few among them are manstealers and women whippers who aint so desput bad; but if so, they are but like the innocent children of Sodom, or the many good people who didn't belong to Noah's family party (I dont want to speak lite er Scripter, but, some how another, I never did think that are deluge was jest the fair thing). En so, ses he, cordin to your own argiment, in follerin the great example you have fetched up, we must put em all into one kittle together. Then you say, ses he, that of two evils, we must choose the least; but, ses he, that are's wrong tew—we say of tew evils, we wont take nary one; en we wont have no compermises; they are the wust uv all evils; we must assert the right en stick tew it, through thick en thin, en sooner or later the wrong must sartainly knock under. Wall, he was followed by another negative, a candid feller, who allowed the Abolitionists mought er done some good up to the present time by their measures, but that now there should be a turnin pint, en they should begin to compermise. You have tried, ses he, to cure the patient by your medicines for a long time, and he's done nothin but git wus en wus—so, ses he, change your plan er treatment, and praps you may cure him. But, thinks I, mebby the feller hant took the dose at all, and so you hadn't oughter blame the doctor; en then, agin, mebby the diseese haint reached the crisis yet, en its natral he should git wus. By this time 'twas gittin putty late; the taller candles was burnt down to the blocks, en the Lyseeum ajirned, en I jogged hum, but not till I'd paid a ninepence en jined the "Leatherville Debatin Society." This discussion has waked up the people round here wonderful, en got up such an interest that a lot er new members have jined; en its calclated that a sight a good 'll grow out on't afore Spring—en all coz one or two rale airnest live fellers put the speerit right into em. Some how another, seems to me, there's natrally a good sile about Leatherville; en it's ben layin idle so long, it oughter bear a good crop; en, judgin by tother night, it's goin to be well farmed; and if the ground gets once fairly broke up, it cant easy get back into paster agin. But I guess I've writ about enuff for once, so I bid you adew, en remane your lovin Cousin, SIMEON.

MRS. STOWE'S DRAMA OF "UNCLE TOM."

THE story of "Uncle Tom," as dramatized by Mrs. Stowe herself, was read at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, on Thursday evening, Dec. 6, by Mrs. WEBB, sometimes called "the coloured Siddons." We find the following notices of the production and Mrs. Webb's rendering thereof in the Boston papers:

MRS. STOWE'S ANTI-SLAVERY DRAMA.—The exercise, last evening, before the Independent Course of Lectures on Slavery was the reading, by Mrs. Mary E. Webb, of the "Christian Slave," being Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's dramatized version of her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We need hardly say that the reading was most excellent, delineating with graphic truthfulness all the varied intonations of language of the many characters introduced in the work. Marked applause attested the appreciation, by the very large audience that was in attendance, of Mrs. Webb's abilities. She was eminently successful throughout. Relative to the drama itself, we presume it is hardly supposed any theatre, at this late day, would present it to the public, even were it entirely suited to the stage, which we do not think it is. It lacks that degree of extravagance and adaptation to all classes which a popular drama usually possesses. For the preeminently intellectual or humane, or for an auditory of anti-slavery persons, it would afford a rare entertainment if creditably presented; but not, we think, to an inappreciative general public. It follows the story of "Uncle Tom" rather closely in most particulars.—*Evening Telegraph.*

THE SLAVERY COURSE OF LECTURES.—Instead of one of the usual Thursday evening lectures at the Tremont Temple, last evening, Mrs. Webb, the coloured elocutionist, read to a very full house the drama of "The Christian Slave," which is founded on portions of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and which has been written for her especially by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Webb has a very sweet voice, with great power of modulation; is also very correct and expressive in her gestures, and her reading was in every respect a success, and elicited at intervals very hearty applause. The drama is on sale by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.—*Traveller.*

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.—It will not be questioned that the drama is legitimate when it is made to subserve the interests of humanity, and so conducted that all classes, churchmen and laymen, can conscientiously and consistently attend upon the recitation of a play. We chronicle with pleasure, therefore, the success of the new drama of "The Christian Slave," dramatized by Harriet Beecher Stowe, from her own inimitable "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There are faults about the production, and great ones, too, but it contains many passages of real pathos, which could only be penned by a writer who could unloose at will the floodtides of emotion. It was read last evening, at the Tremont Temple, to an audience that thronged every part of the large hall. The reader, Mrs. Mary E. Webb, is a lady of mixed blood, with a good voice, perfect self-possession, and most graceful in her attitudes and gestures. We cannot very highly commend her renderings, though they were creditable. From her peculiar relation to Christian slaves, she succeeded in commanding the sympathies of her hearers, which she retained to the close of the performance. The various points in the drama were readily appreciated by the audience, and as rapturously applauded as they would have been in any theatre in the city.—*Transcript.*

Mrs. WEBB will read the Drama above mentioned at the Tabernacle, in this city, on Tuesday evening next, at the request of the New York Anti-Slavery Society. Admittance 25 cents.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM, edited by Grace Greenwood and published once a fortnight by Leander K. Lippincott, 66 South Third street, Philadelphia, is a paper which the most scrupulous parent may place before his children without fear—nay, with a perfect assurance that it will exert upon them a refining and healthful influence. A new volume opens with the new year. Terms: 50 cents a year for single copies; 5 copies for $2; 14 copies, and one to getter up of club, for $5; 24 copies, and one to getter-up of club, for $8; AND 50 COPIES FOR $15. *Always payable in advance.*

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE, No. 6, *for December.*—We have here, in the compass of 140 double-column octavo pages, printed on clear type, articles of leading interest—grave and earnest, yet not heavy—from the best English Reviews and Magazines; together with a great variety of Tales, Voyages, Travels and Poetry, suited alike to the taste and the leisure of all the lovers of a pure and ennobling literature. Issued monthly—$3 per annum, in advance—post free. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 603, opens with an article from the London *Quarterly*, entitled "Arago and Brougham on Men of Science." There is also the usual variety of prose and verse. New York: 343 Broadway.

REV. D. M. GRAHAM, Pastor of the Freewill Baptist Church in this city, has been appointed one of the editors of *The Morning Star.* He is a true anti-slavery man and will be a valuable accession to the paper.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent disclaimeth food for a letter—But proceedeth to give an account of the Election for Mayor—Of the Rival Doctors—He commendeth the Know-Nothings—And discommendeth Dr. Smith—Of Mr. Rice, the Citizens' Candidate—Of his recommendations—Diversities of Knowing Nothing—Curiosities of Fusion—The Correspondent defendeth the Hunkers—And giveth the Devil his Due—Also Mr. Seth J. Thomas—And of what he was suffered to do—Of Thanksgiving and the Minister's Saternalia—Of Toes and Treading on the Same—He inquireth as to Dr. Cheever and commendeth him—Of Mrs. Webb and Mr. Thackeray, &c., &c.

BOSTON, Dec. 10, 1855.

I GIVE you my word that I have nothing to tell you this week. That is, nothing of any importance. To be sure, we are choosing a Mayor and City Goverament today, which is a matter of some importance to the candidates; but not of much to you, or me, or the rest of mankind, including the citizens themselves. For my own part, I am in a state of the most divinely Epicurean indifference as to the issue. For you must know that the Know-Nothing Council, or whatever title pleases its ear, has spewed Doctor Smith out of its mouth, and, being thus rid of the perilous stuff that weighed upon its heart, feels much better for the relief. He had his party there, and having all the City patronage in his hands, of course he had the advantage a man in the saddle always has over one trying to mount the same beast, in keeping his seat. But another Doctor, Shurtleff by name, tumbled him over, who is welcome to his election, for all we care, if he can get it. He is a gentleman, a good doctor, an antiquarian and a man of property, and I dare say has whatever other qualities go to the making up of a Mayor. At any rate, he is not a Doctor Smith, and we will not suppose him capable of disgracing us by his ignorance of his duty and of the laws of the land, and his officiousness in trampling on both in the cause of Holy Negro-catching, as the present incumbent did.

There is another candidate in the field, a Mr. Rice, a merchant of some sort, I believe, who has that inestimable merit of a candidate, that nobody knows anything about him. Indeed, I have not yet happened to meet anybody that had so much as heard of him, much less known him by sight. But he is none the worse for that. In all possibility, he is a quiet inoffensive man, who has not dirtied himself much by dabbling in the mud-puddles of politics. If he had, somebody would probably have seen him at some time and under some circumstances. So you see we have two Know-Nothing candidates to choose between—one who Knows Nothing and the other whom nobody else Knows Nothing about. Mr. Rice was nominated by a Union, or Citizens, or Fusion, party of all the Anti-Know-Nothings—Whig and Democratic. There they are, the *Daily Advertiser* and the *Post* cheek by jowl in this civic crusade against Paddyphobia, Hunkers of all hues pulling in the same boat, towards a common goal. So you see that Fusion is not of its own essence of the Devil, as you might suppose from reading these papers, when it is proposed to pitch the party out of the office-windows by a coalition; but that its diabolical character depends on who it is that proposes to fuse and whether the end to be gained suits them, or not. I told you that all the Whig and Democratic members of our General Court came out of the melting-pot of such a Fusion as this. But then, you understand, it makes all the difference in life, whether it is my bull gores your ox, or your ox my bull.

The Fusion party held a meeting in Faneuil Hall, week before last, at which many very respectable persons assisted—though none of any great political or social prominence. The only noticeable feature of the Meeting, was, that they invited, or at least tolerated, on their platform, as the representative of the Democratic wing of the Alliance, one SETH J. THOMAS, a creature to whom the slave-catchers, when they come here, gravitate as naturally as they do to Pat Riley or the wretch (I can't think of his name) whom Stephen Foster escorted out of Worcester for his protection from brick-bats and rotten eggs. This Thomas has been put forward in all the Slave cases we have had here to do the dirty work no lawyer of reputation would venture upon—such as your Hundred Slave-catchers retained Mr. George Wood to do and paid him five hundred dollars for. Poor Thomas does not get as good pickings as that; but he is thankful for what he gets. And it is believed that he has had, on such occasions only, the honour of instructions from very great lawyers, not to say judges, whose names I tremble to think of, who were willing to save the Union over the left, by the way of this dirty attorneyship. Who wanted the nerve, or the backing, of Mr. Wood and declined appearing on the stage in person, but contented themselves with pulling the strings which put this paltry puppet in motion. However this may be, he was permitted to show his face among honest men and to taint a cause which may be good enough for all I know to the contrary, by touching it. So that if you should see that Mr. Rice is defeated in the telegraphic column of to-morrow's papers, you may console yourselves by this recollection. What the chances are, I have not the remotest notion.

Thanksgiving has come and gone since I wrote last, and has been celebrated by the usual sacrifices of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. The ministers, generally, I believe, seized the annual opportunity to air their Anti-Slavery vocabulary—those of them, at least, that have any acquaintance with the language. Thanksgiving and Fast-days are a kind of clerical Saturnalia, in these parts, when the ministers are allowed, within proper limits, to say what they please about public matters, slavery in particular. The arrangement has the double advantage of affording a safety-valve to over-steamed divines, and also of giving those of the congregation whose toes are too tender for the gentlest attrition to stay quietly at home and nurse them up, fit to go under the mahogany at dinner-time; whereas there is a sort of ministers (though, fortunately, pretty well cleared out of all respectable pulpits) that prance over the pedal extremities (the fingers of the feet, as the French call them) of their flocks without giving any previous notice, to the great discomfort of their most respectable customers—I mean *parishioners*—thus interfering with the repose of the pews which it is their function to watch over and promote. By the way, what came of the discontentment the Rev. Dr. Cheever stirred up in the neighbourhood of Union Square, on that same day? Somebody told me that he had blown several of your First Men for Piety and Pence out of the front door by the violence of his blasts against Slavery. I hope it may be true, as I cannot doubt that such a ventilation did them good all round. I knew that Dr. Cheever was an open denouncer of the Fugitive Slave Bill and the Nebraska Villany, and was glad to hear that he is still wide awake. I could wish he were a little less bigoted as to the Divine Ordinance of Hanging, but should like to have a man of his pluck in every pulpit of New York.

Mrs. Webb, called sometimes the Black Siddons, read Mrs. Stowe's Drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin—or the Christian Slave, founded upon it—to a very great audience in the Tremont Temple, last Thursday evening. It was a much larger collection of people than on the first night, and, I believe, Mrs. Webb gave very general satisfaction. Mr. Thackeray commenced his Course at the Melodeon on the next evening, to as many people as the room could hold, and rather more than it could hold comfortably. He is a charming lecturer, in manner as well as matter. The perfect simplicity of the setting shows off the string of jewels he displays to the very best advantage. His lectures gather up the quintessence and aroma of the history he hovers over; and though the characters and facts he tells of are not fragrant in themselves, they come out of his alembic in the shape of a refreshing perfume—as, you know, the skill of the perfumer distils the choicest of scents from the most unsavoury of materials. With the most exquisite art he teaches without seeming to do anything of the sort, and leaves a distinct impression of the period at which he has glanced—more perfect than a volume could convey. So perfect is his art, that many people think little of his performances because they seem so easy and unstudied!—thus stupidly and unconsciously paying him the very highest compliment he could have.

D. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY: or, a Tour among the Planters. By C. G. PARSONS, M. D.; with an Introductory Note, by Mrs. H. B. STOWE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio: Jewett, Procter & Worthington. 1855. 12 mo., pp. 318.

This is such a volume as the times and circumstances demand. There has been an almost regular gradation in our Anti-Slavery literature, from Uncle Tom's Cabin and the White Slave, through the whole range of *Out-Side* and *North-Side*—and even *South-Side* Views of the "peculiar institution," till something was needed to cap the climax. Fiction and fact—the former, indeed, too obviously based on fact—having had a long, if not yet perfect, work, it was reserved for Dr. Parsons to give us, in plain and simple and reliable terms, an *Inside* View—a more searching examination, if possible, into the dark recesses of this foul monstrosity, than any which have preceded it.

Dr. Parsons, it appears, did not derive his knowledge of slavery as it really is, from a hasty observation of facts as they exist in cities and large towns, and at public places, such as hotels, offices, ferries, &c., nor by a hasty excursion—perhaps by railroad—of a few hours just beyond the national metropolis into the borders of the Ancient Dominion, where Northern contact and influence as well as many other obvious and powerful causes have operated to modify, in several important particulars, the severer aspects of human degradation. He was determined, if possible, to dive to the very interior of society, and know the truth for himself. Landing at Savannah, in 1852, he accordingly travelled through much of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, and the Carolinas. In these States, especially in Georgia, he spent a considerable time. He was, moreover, much employed, while there, as "agent of a commission house in Savannah, in purchasing cotton, corn, hides," &c. In one instance we find him in the service of "a lumber company that was building mills in the country, to superintend the operation and take charge of the manufacturing business." This gave him ample opportunity—and that, too, just of the right kind—for obtaining the precise information he desired; and for which, chiefly, as he says, he travelled there. He was thus quite familiar, not only with the inside of Uncle Tom's Cabin, but well acquainted with Aunt Chloe herself.

He travelled, moreover, with his eyes open, placing very little reliance on the eyes of others, which is more than can be affirmed of every Southern traveller. Comparing his simple, straightforward and apparently honest narrative with our own notes made on the same region, during an equally long residence there, with similar opportunities for observation, many years before, it is impossible for us to resist the conclusion that he made a wise improvement of his golden privileges. Nearly all which has been published of the physical enormities of slavery is confirmed by his cool, dispassionate and apparently disinterested testimony; while the moral, social and intellectual evils of the system are portrayed by him in such a manner as to leave no reasonable doubts, such as have sometimes adhered to the minds of not a few readers of our numerous half-fictitious works on this subject. The doom which the peculiar institution has inflicted on the slaveholder himself, in hardening his heart and steeling his every sympathy with suffering humanity, and the death-blow it strikes at commerce and manufactures, are not more vividly represented, than the moral and intellectual evils it entails on education, the family institution, Sabbath-keeping, temperance, moral purity, and, in short, Christianity itself. But there is one fact which, as we think, is more clearly brought out by Dr. S. than by any writer who has preceded him—one, too, of immense importance.

It has been often said, even by some who believed themselves to be very careful observers of facts as they exist under the phases of the slavery system, that while its physical evils are admitted to be as great as they have usually been represented, and while its moral and social character, its amalgamation, its cruelties and its every form of intellectual and moral degradation could not be denied nor overrated, there was one seeming alleviation to be found in the dreadful fact that the mass of the slave population were so destitute of intelligence, and even of sensibility, as neither to know nor care for their condition any longer than while they felt the lash of the overseer, or the severer infliction of the master. That with the exception of here and there an individual employed at a post where intelligence could not be avoided, they knew nothing about the worth of freedom, nor with any earnest solicitude desired to know. Dr. P. has proved to the entire satisfaction of every candid reader of his work, that such a view is hasty and superficial. He has amply proved from facts which cannot be questioned, unless we set him aside as destitute of common veracity and common honesty, that it needs but an igniting spark, among the most depressed and degraded of the population, to kindle a flame that might end in as great a destruction of life among the slaveholders as among the slaves themselves; and might verify the prediction of President Jefferson that a day of retribution to the South must come; and that there is no attribute in the character of Jehovah which lead him to take sides with the slaveholder in such an awful crisis and contest.

We should be glad to make large quotations from Dr. Parsons' book, especially to confirm the latter point concerning this lower strata of slavery history, which he has so successfully studied and made known; but we prefer, on the whole, to send the reader to a better source of information—the author himself. To those who have, for various reasons, hitherto denied themselves the privilege of looking over our numerous anti-slavery volumes, this seasonable and excellent book will be invaluable. It hardly needs the recommendation even of Mrs. Stowe herself. To those who have read everything else on the subject, it will serve to confirm many former just conclusions, while on one point, as we have already seen—one, too, of paramount importance—it may even throw new light. Its intrinsic evidence of truth and candour is, however, to any and all its best recommendation.

THE REFUGEE. BY BENJAMIN DREW. In one volume, 12 mo., 387 pp. Price $1 00.

The best answer to the everlasting assertion that the slaves cannot take care of themselves—that a long preparation is needed to fit them for freedom, and like palliations for the national sin, is the FACT that THIRTY THOUSAND PERSONS of African descent, and almost all of them self-emancipated under extreme difficulty, are now congregated in the towns and settlements of Canada West. They enjoy the same privileges and are liable to the same burdens as all other subjects of English rule, and are citizens as thrifty, intelligent, industrious and well-behaved as the best. A full and accurate statement of their History and Condition, will gratify the curiosity, as to their actual circumstances, which has long been felt by the American public, and is a valuable addition to anti-slavery literature.

The volume before us is such a statement. The author went to Canada and travelled from town to town, and from cabin to cabin, collecting information from the most authentic sources, noting what he saw with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears, and there is no escaping the accummulation of the evidence of the mass of facts which he has gathered together. He received every desirable assistance in accomplishing his object; and as, in his work, many fugitives tell their own story, the book is entitled "The Refugee; or, the Narratives of Fugitive Slaves in Canada, related by themselves, with an account of the History and Condition of the Coloured Population of Canada West."

Those who have taken a "South-Side View" will also have, in this valuable work, an opportunity of enlarging their sphere of observation by "A North-Side View of Slavery."

MEMOIR OF FRANCES WRIGHT the Pioneer Woman in the Cause of Human Rights. By AMOS GILBERT, Pamphlet—86 pp. Cincinnati: Longley & Brothers.

We have read this brief sketch of the life of a greatly misunderstood and much misrepresented woman with sincere pleasure. In former years we were accustomed to hear her denounced as little better than a monster bent upon destroying the very foundations of private virtue and public welfare, and introducing the reign of universal licentiousness. It is long since denunciations of this sort, from an infidel priesthood, lost their power to injure any person in our esteem, but the evidences which this memoir affords that its subject, however great may have been her errors in regard to the *theory* of Christianity, sincerely loved its substance as exemplified in the life and teachings of Jesus, is exceedingly gratifying. If she opposed the Church, it was chiefly on account of corruptions whose existence it was impossible to deny; while, on the other hand, the persecutions she suffered were inflicted upon her rather in consequence of what was really good and noble in her character than on account of the errors with which her name was popularly associated. On the great question of liberty for all men, without distinctions of colour or condition, she was greatly in advance of her time, and the record of her life attests the sincerity of her convictions.

Summary.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—Two free negroes have been arrested in Petersburg, Va., charged with aiding in the escape of some slaves from that city to the North. They were both drivers of vehicles on the public streets.

WHAT LUCY SAID.—In a late speech, Lucy Stone said, "We know there is cotton in the ears of men. Let us look for hope in the bosom of women."—*Exchange.*

She probably meant to say, "better look for hope in the eyes of men, for we know there is cotton in the bosoms of women."—*Evening Post.*

"WATERING PLACE" MORALS.—The Cheltenham (England) *Guardian* says, the Leamington magistrates have resolved to discountenance the prosecution of persons keeping houses of ill-fame, of which there are forty-seven in Leamington, on the ground *that it will drive all the gentlemen away*, and the town will be ruined.

At Quincy, Illinois, a German lecturer on Jesuitism and Slavery was recently prevented from speaking by a mob which the *Quincy Republican* states was preconcerted by a number of the Douglas men and foreigners. The lecturer was saved from personal violence by the exertions of his friends.

"WHAT SUNDAY SCHOOL IS THAT?"—It is pretty generally known that Elizur Wright is at the head of a large family of children. While walking with them upon the Common, the other day, a gentleman stepped up and thus accosted Mr. Wright: "Sir, what Sunday school is this that follows you?" Mr. Wright laughed, and then replied, "the Hard Shell Baptists."—*Boston Courier.*

ADMITTED TO YALE.—The Ohio *Herald of Freedom* says "C. Van Rensselaer Creed, a coloured gentleman, was admitted to the Medical class of Yale College on the 14th of last September. He has met with the most courteous treatment from the students."

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—The late Homer Treat, of Litchfield County, Conn., has left real estate, worth from $3,000 to $4,000, to be expended in the erection of a school for the education of coloured youth, or to be invested for the provision of education to a limited number of that class, at the option of the trustees.

The number of clergymen in the country is nearly 27,000; that of the lawyers 24,000. The largest exclusive class of persons is that of the farmers, numbering nearly 2,500,000. The editors number 1,800; the artists 2,000; the butchers nearly 18,000; and the blacksmiths nearly 100,000. There is a total of about 85,000 churches.

The National Democracy is in want of a watchword. Their last one, bequeathed to them by Gen. Cass, the tattered shibboleth "squatter sovereignty," was so dirty that the people would not pick it up. We will offer them one at once tough and true—"Plunder national; principle sectional.—*Bangor Mercury.*

A very refined clergyman who feared to offend the delicate ears of his faithful flock, is in the habit of softening Scripture to their capacities. Not many Sabbaths ago he preached from the text, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone," but which he very reconditely periphrased as follows: "It is the prerogative of innocence to project the initiatory boulder."

GOOD PUN.—Somebody asked Baron Rothschild to take venison. "No," said the Baron, "I never eat venison; I don't think its so coot as mutton." "Oh," says the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if mutton is better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?" "I will tell you vy—in this world, the people always prefer vat is *deer* to what is *sheep.*"

AN EXPERIMENT.—At the Virginia Hotel, recently, a pious old lady, as she was preparing to go to church was seen to take a considerable quantity of gold from her trunk, wrap it up carefully in her handkerchief, and put it in her pocket. She remarked that it was her habit, that kept her mind steady at her devotions, for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.

We have already recorded with regret the loss by fire of Gov. Hunt's elegant mansion at Lockport. The accident, it appears, happened from the Governor's too free use of *cotton batting* to guard his cistern against freezing. It will be well if the Governor's partiality for employing the same article in politics does not lead to some similar disastrous result.—*Tribune.*

THE GRAVE OF MADISON.—A correspondent of the Fredericksburg *News*, in Culpepper County, Va., gives a melancholy picture of the last resting place of the illustrious Madison. He lies, with his family, in a graveyard a short distance from his house, upon his estate of Montpelier; the family cemetery is surrounded by a brick wall, and the gate is entirely down. The correspondent says that not a stone marks the great man's resting place.

SALMON P. CHASE.—It gives us pleasure to learn that Mr. Chase is to become a resident of our city. Besides the fitness of the thing, of a Chief Magistrate residing at the capital, our citizens will find in Mr. Chase one of the most estimable of citizens and neighbours, and his accession to Columbus society will be hailed with pleasure by all. Barring his politics, he is a capital fellow.—*Columbus (Ohio) Statesman (Dem.).*

A WOMAN SWIMMING THE MISSISSIPPI.—Lloyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory gives a thrilling instance of the necessity for women knowing how to swim. When the ill-fated Ben Sherrod was in flames on the Mississippi river, and the lady passengers who had thrown themselves into the water, were drowning around the boat, the wife of Captain Castleman jumped into the river, with her infant in her arms, and swam ashore, a distance of half a mile, being the only woman saved out of sixteen. She had learned to swim when a girl.

NEW TESTS.—Some idea of the way in which things are to be fixed when "Americans rule America" may be inferred from a recent vermillion edict, that no man must be voted for by Know-Nothings who advertises in, reads, pays for, or in any way patronises an Anti-Know-Nothing paper. Carrying out this liberal idea, the faithful will presently be forbidden to buy their pork and cabbage of any man who cannot give the grip and password of the Order. There are suspicions that a few of the city nominees are not sound on this "goose," and they will probably be questioned by letter. They must "stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder."—*Spring field Republican.*

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH FOR STEALING NEGROES.—The Petersburg (Va.) *Intelligencer*, of the 29th ult., is in favour of inflicting capital punishment upon negro stealers. It says:

"It seems to be agreed on all hands that the time has come for a change in our laws on this subject, and that the penalty of negro stealing should be death. This is the penalty under the North Carolina laws, and, in conformity with them a white man, a native of that State, was hung a few weeks ago. Negro-stealing is very rare in North Carolina, though there are almost as great facilities for the underground railroad there as here. But the prospect of the halter has a salutary effect upon robbers."

A correspondent of the New Haven *Palladium* says that a company of young people, mostly Catholics, held a cotillon party in Ansonia on the evening of Oct. 30th. The Catholic priest at first forbade the party, but finally consented that dancing might continue until 10 o'clock. As the dancing was continued, though with perfect decorum, after that time, "His Rivernce" appeared with a horsewhip, which he commenced using upon the females who were present, and abusing them in other ways. Among those who were struck was Mrs. Spencer, a Protestant woman, whose husband took steps towards a civ

Miscellaneous Department.

THE following burlesque account of Washington's trip to Cambridge in 1775, is taken from the proof sheets of a collection of the Ballads of the Revolution in the press of Messrs. Appleton, of New York. The selection is made from both sides, Whig and Tory. The one below, we need not add, is from the latter class:

1775.

TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE.

When Congress sent great Washington
All clothed in power and breeches,
To meet old Britons warlike sons
And make some rebel speeches.

'Twas then he took his gloomy way
Astride his dapple donkeys,
And travelled well both night and day
Until he reach'd the Yankees.

Away from Camp, 'bout three miles off,
From Lily he dismounted,
His sergant brush'd his sun-burnt wig
While he the specie counted.

All prinked up in full bag-wig;
The shaking notwithstanding,
In leathers tight, oh! what a sight!
He reached the Yankee landing.

The women ran, the darkies too;
And all the bells, they tolled;
For Britain's sons, by Doodle doo,
We're sure to be—consoled.

Old mother Hancock with a pan
All crowded full of butter,
Unto the lovely Georgius ran,
And added to the splutter.

Says she, "our brindl has just calved,
And John is wondorous happy,
He sent this present to you, dear,
As you're the 'country's papa.'"

"You'll butter bread and bread butter,
But do not butt your speeches.
"You'll butter bread and bread butter,
But do not grease your breeches."

Full many a child went into camp,
All dressed in homespun kersey,
To see the greatest rebel scamp
That ever cross'd o'er Jersey.

The rebel sions oh! what a sight!
Too awkard was their figure,
'Twas yonder stood a pious wight,
And here and there a nigger.

Upon a stump he placed (himself).
Great Washington did he,
And through the nose of lawyer Close
Proclaimed great Liberty.

The patriot brave, the patriot fair,
From ferver had grown thinner,
So off they march'd, with patriot zeal,
And took a patriot dinner.

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

THE vehemence with which Susan Dixon threw herself into occupation could not last for ever. Times of languor and remembrance would come—times when she recurred with a passionate yearning to past days, the recollection of which was so vivid and delicious, that it seemed as though it were the reality, and the present bleak bareness the dream. She smiled anew at the magical sweetness of some touch or tone which in memory she felt and heard, and drank the delicious cup of poison, although at the very time she knew what the consequence of racking pain would be.

"This time, last year," thought she, "we went nutting together—this very day last year; just such a day as to-day. Purple and gold were the lights on the hills; the leaves were just turning brown; here and there on the sunny slopes the stubble-fields looked tawny; down in a cleft of yon purple slate-rock the beck fell like a silver glancing thread; all just as it is to-day. And he climbed the slender swaying nut-trees, and bent the branches for me to gather; or made a passage through the hazel copses, from time to time claiming a toll. Who could have thought he loved me so little?—who?—who?"

Or, as the evening closed in, she would allow herself to imagine that she heard his coming step, just that she might recall the feeling of exquisite delight which had passed by without the due and passionate relish at the time. That she would wonder how she could have had strength, the cruel self-piercing strength, to say what she had done; to stab herself with that stern resolution, of which the scar would remain till her dying day. It might have been right; but, as she sickened, she wished she had not instinctively chosen the right. How luxurious a life haunted by no stern sense of duty must be! And many led this kind of life; why could not she? O, for one hour again of his sweet company! If he came now, she would agree to whatever he proposed.

It was a fever of the mind. She passed through it, and came out healthy, if weak. She was capable once more of taking pleasure in following an unseen guide through briar and brake. She returned with tenfold affection to her protecting care of Willie. She acknowledged to herself that he was to be her all-in-all in life. She made him her constant companion. For his sake, as the real owner of Yew Nook, and she as his steward and guardian, she began that course of careful saving, and that love of acquisition, which afterwards gained for her the reputation of being miserly. Still she thought that he might regain a scanty portion of sense, enough to require some simple pleasures and excitement, which would cost money. And money should not be wanting. Peggy rather assisted her in the formation of her parsimonious habits than otherwise; economy was the order of the district, and a certain degree of respectable avarice the characteristic of age. Only Willie was never stinted or hindered of anything that the two women thought could give him pleasure for want of money.

There was one gratification which Susan felt was needed for the restoration of her mind to its more healthy state, after she had passed through the whirling fever, when duty was as nothing, and anarchy reigned; a gratification—that somehow was to be her last burst of unreasonableness; of which she knew and recognised pain as the sure consequence. She must see him once more—herself unseen.

The week before the Christmas of this memorable year, she went out in the dusk of the early winter evening, wrapped up close in shawl and cloak. She wore her dark shawl under her cloak, putting it over her head in lieu of a bonnet; for she knew that she might have to wait long in concealment. Then she tramped over the wet fell-path, shut in by misty rain for miles and miles, till she came to the place where he was lodging; a farm-house in Langdale, with a steep stony lane leading up to it: this lane was entered by a gate out of the main road, and by the gate were a few bushes—thorns; but off them the leaves had fallen, and they offered no concealment: an old wreck of a yew-tree grew among them, however, and underneath that Susan cowered down, shrouding her face, of which the colour might betray her, with a corner of her shawl. Long did she wait; cold and cramped she became, too damp and stiff to change her posture readily. And after all, he might never come! But, she would wait till daylight, if need were; and she pulled out a crust, with which she had providentially supplied herself. The rain had ceased—a dull still brooding weather had succeeded; it was a night to hear distant sounds. She heard horses' hoofs striking and plashing in the stones, and in the pools of the road at her back. Two horses; not well-ridden, or evenly guided, as she could tell.

Michael Hurst and a companion drew near; not tipsy, but not sober. They stopped at the gate to bid each other a maudlin farewell. Michael stooped forward to catch the latch with the hook of the stick which he carried; he dropped the stick, and it fell with one end close to Susan—indeed, with the slightest change of posture, she could have opened the gate for him. He swore a great oath, and struck his horse with his closed fist, as if that animal had been to blame; then he dismounted, opened the gate, and fumbled about for his stick. When he had found it (Susan had touched the other end) his first use of it was to flog his horse well, and she had much ado to avoid its kicks and plunges. Then, still swearing, he staggered up the lane, for it was evident he was not sober enough to remount.

By daylight Susan was back and at her daily labours at Yew Nook. When the Spring came, Michael Hurst was married to Eleanor Hebthwaite. Others, too, were married, and christenings made their firesides merry and glad; or they travelled, and came back after long years with many wondrous tales. More rarely, perhaps, a Dalesman changed his dwelling. But to all households more change came than to Yew Nook. There the seasons came round with monotonous sameness; or, if they brought mutation, it was of a slow, and decaying, and depressing kind. Old Peggy died. Her silent sympathy, concealed under much roughness, was a loss to Susan Dixon. Susan was not yet thirty when this happened, but she looked a middle-aged, not to say an elderly woman. People affirmed that she had never recovered her complexion since that fever, a dozen years ago, which killed her father, and left Will Dixon an idiot. But besides her gray sallowness, the lines in her face were strong, and deep, and hard. The movements of her eyeballs were slow and heavy; the wrinkles at the corners of her mouth and eyes were planted firm and sure; not an ounce of unnecessary flesh was there on her bones—every muscle started strong and ready for use. She needed all this bodily strength to a degree that no human creature, now Peggy was dead, knew of: for Willie had grown up large and strong in body, and, in general, docile enough in mind; but, every now and then, he became first moody, and then violent. These paroxysms lasted but a day or two; and it was Susan's anxious care to keep their very existence hidden and unkown. It is true that occasional passers-by on that lonely road heard sounds at night of knocking about of furniture, blows, and cries, as of some tearing demon within the solitary farm-house; but these fits of violence usually occurred in the night; and whatever had been their consequence, Susan had tidied and redd up all sights of aught unusual before the morning. For, above all, she dreaded lest some one might find out in what danger and peril she occasionally was, and might assume a right to take away her brother from her care. The one idea of taking charge of him had deepened and deepened with years. It was graven into her mind as the object for which she lived. The sacrifice she had made for this object only made it more precious to her. Besides, she separated the idea of the docile, affectionate, loutish, indolent Will, and kept it distinct from the terror which the demon that occasionally possessed him inspired her with. The one was her flesh and her blood—the child of her dead mother; the other was some fiend who came to torture and convulse the creature she so loved. She believed that she fought her brother's battle in holding down those tearing hands, in binding whenever she could those uplifted restless arms prompt and prone to do mischief. All the time she subdued him with her cunning or her strength, she spoke to him in pitying murmurs, or abused the third person, the fiendish enemy, in no unmeasured tones. Towards morning the paroxysm was exhausted, and he would fall asleep, perhaps only to waken with evil and renewed vigour. But when he was laid down she would sally out to taste the fresh air, and to work off her wild sorrow in cries and mutterings to herself. The early labourers saw her gestures at a distance, and thought her as crazed as the idiot-brother who made the neighbourhood a haunted place. But did any chance person call at Yew Nook later, or in the day, he would find Susan Dixon cold, calm, collected; her manner curt, her wits keen.

Once this fit of violence lasted longer than usual. Susan's strength both of mind and body was nearly worn out; she wrestled in prayer that somehow it might end before she, too, was driven mad; or, worse, might be obliged to give up life's aim, and consign Willie to a madhouse. From that moment of prayer (as she afterwards superstitiously thought) Willie calmed—and then he drooped—and then he sank—and, last of all, he died, in reality from physical exhaustion.

But he was so gentle and tender as he lay on his dying bed; such strange childlike gleams of returning intelligence came over his face long after the power to make his dull inarticulate sounds had departed, that Susan was attracted to him by a stronger tie than she had ever felt before. It was something to have even an idiot loving her with dumb, wistful, animal affection; something to have any creature looking at her with such beseeching eyes, imploring protection from the insidious enemy stealing on. And yet she knew that to him death was no enemy but a true friend, restoring light and health to his poor clouded mind. It was to her that death was an enemy; to her, the survivor, when Willie died: there was no one to love her. Worse doom still, there was no one left on earth for her to love.

You now know why no wandering tourist could persuade her to receive him as a lodger; why no tired traveller could melt her heart to give him rest and refreshment; why long habits of seclusion had given her a moroseness of manner, and care for the interests of another had rendered her keen and miserly.

But there was a third act act in the drama of her life.

CHAPTER V.

IN spite of Peggy's prophecy that Susan's life should not seem long, it did seem wearisome and endless as year by year slowly uncoiled their monotonous circles. To be sure, she might have made change for herself, but she did not care to do it. It was, indeed, more than "not caring" which merely implies a certain degree of vis inertiæ to be subdued before an object can be attained, and that the object itself does not seem to be of sufficient importance to call out the requisite energy. On the contrary, Susan exerted herself to avoid change and variety. She had a morbid dread of new faces, which originated in her desire to keep poor dead Willie's state a profound secret. She had a contempt for new customs; and indeed her old ways prospered so well under her active hand and vigilant eye, that it was difficult to know how they could be improved upon. She was regularly present in Coniston market with the best butter and the earliest chickens of the season. Those were the common farm produce that every farmer's wife about had to sell; but Susan, after she had disposed of the more feminine articles, turned to on the man's side. A better judge of a horse or cow there was not in all the country round. Yorkshire itself might have attempted to jockey her, and would have failed. Her corn was sound and clean; her potatoes well preserved to the latest Spring. People began to talk of the hoards of money Susan Dixon must have laid up somewhere; and one young ne'er-do-well of a farmer's son undertook to make love to the woman of forty, who looked fifty-five, if a day. He made up to her by opening a gate on the road-path home, as she was riding on a bare-backed horse, her purchase not an hour ago. She was off before him, refusing his civility; but the remounting was not so easy, and rather than fail she did not choose to attempt it. She walked, and he walked alongside, improving his opportunity, which, as he vainly thought, had been consciously granted to him. As they drew near Yew Nook, he ventured on some expression of a wish to keep company with her. His words were vague and clumsily arranged. Susan turned round and coolly asked him to explain himself. He took courage, as he thought of her reputed wealth, and expressed his wishes this second time pretty plainly. To his surprise the reply she made was in a series of smart strokes across his shoulders, administered through the medium of a supple hazel-switch.

"Take that!" said she, almost breathless, "to teach thee how thou darest make a fool of an honest woman, old enough to be thy mother. If thou com'st a step nearer the house, there's a good horse-pool, and there's two stout fellows who'll like no better fun than ducking thee. Be off wi' thee."

And she strode into her own premises, never looking round to see whether he obeyed her injunction or not.

Sometimes three or four years would pass over without her hearing Michael Hurst's name mentioned. She used to wonder at such times whether he were dead or alive. She would sit for hours by the dying embers of her fire on a winter's evening, trying to recall the scenes of her youth; trying to bring up living pictures of the faces she had then known—Michael's most especially. She thought that it was possible, so long had been the lapse of years, that she might now pass by him in the street unknowing and unknown. His outward form she might not recognise, but himself she should feel in the thrill of her whole being. He could not pass her unawares.

What little she did hear about him all testified a downwards tendency. He drank—not at stated times when there was no other work to be done, but continually, whether it was seed-time or harvest. His children were ill at one time; then one died, while the others recovered, but were poor sickly things. No one dared to give Susan any direct intelligence of her former lover; many avoided all mention of his name in her presence; but a few spoke out either in indifference to, or ignorance of, those by-gone days. Susan heard every word, every whisper, every sound that related to him. But her eye never changed, nor did a muscle of her face move.

Late one November night she sate over her fire; not a human being beside herself in the house; not but she had ever slept there since Willie's death. The farm-labourers had foddered the cattle and gone home hours before. There were crickets chirping all round the warm hearth-stones, there was the clock ticking with the peculiar beat Susan had known ever since childhood, and which then and ever since she had oddly associated with the idea of a mother and child talking together, one loud tick, and quick—a feeble sharp one following.

The day had been keen and piercingly cold. The whole lift of heaven seemed a dome of iron. Black and frost-bound was the earth under the cruel east wind. Now the wind had dropped, and as the darkness had gathered in, the weather-wise old labourers prophesied snow. The sounds in the air arose again, as Susan sat still and silent. They were of a different character to what they had been during the prevalence of the east wind. Then they had been shrill and piping; now they were like low distant growling; not unmusical, but strangely threatening. Susan went to the window, and drew aside the little curtain. The whole world was white, the air was blinded with the swift and heavy downfall of snow. At present it came down straight, but Susan knew those distant sounds in the hollows and gullies of the hills portending a driving wind and a more cruel storm. She thought of her sheep; were they all folded? the new-born calf, was it bedded well? Before the drifts were formed too deep for her to pass in and out—and by the morning she judged that they would be six or seven feet deep—she would go out and see after the comfort of her beasts. She took a lantern, and tied a shawl over her head, and went out into the open air. She cared tenderly for all her animals, and was returning, when borne on the blast as if some spirit-cry—for it seemed to come rather down from the skies than from any creature standing on earth's level—she heard a voice of agony; she could not distinguish words; it seemed rather as if some bird of prey was being caught in the whirl of the icy wind, and torn and tortured by its violence. Again! up high above? Susan put down her lantern, and shouted loud in return; it was an instinct, for if the creature were not human, which she had doubted but a moment before, what good could her responding cry do? And her cry was seized on by the tyrannous wind, and borne farther away in the opposite direction to that from which that call of agony had proceeded. Again she listened; no sound: then again it rang through space; and this time she was sure it was human. She turned into the house, and heaped turf and wood on the fire, which, careless of her own sensations, she had allowed to fade and almost die out. She put a new candle in her lantern; she changed her shawl for a maud, and leaving the door on latch, she sallied out. Just at the moment when her ear first encountered the weird noises of the storm, on issuing forth into the open air, she thought she heard the words, "O God! O, help!" They were a guide to her, if words they were, for they came straight from a rock not a quarter of a mile from Yew Nook, but only to be reached, on account of its precipitous character, by a round-about path. Thither she steered, defying wind and snow; guided by here a thorn-tree, there an old doddered oak, which had not quite lost their identity under the whelming mask of snow. Now and then she stopped to listen; but never a word or sound heard she, till right from where the copsewood grew thick and tangled at the base of the rock, round which she was winding, she heard a moan. Into the brake—all snow in appearance, almost a plain of snow looked on from the little eminence where she stood—she plunged, breaking down the bush, stumbling, bruising herself, fighting her way; her lantern held between her teeth, and she herself using head as well as hands to butt away a passage, at whatever cost of bodily injury. As she climbed or staggered, owing to the unevenness of the snow-covered ground, where the briars and weeds of years were tangled and matted together, her foot felt something strangely soft and yielding. She lowered her lantern; there lay a man, prone on his face, nearly covered by the fast-falling flakes; he must have fallen from the rock above, as not knowing of the circuitous path, he had tried to descend its steep, slippery face. Who could tell? it was no time for thinking. Susan lifted him up with her wiry strength; he gave no help—no sign of life; but for all that he might be alive; he was still warm; she tied her maud round him; she fastened the lantern to her apron string; she held him tight: half-dragging, half-carrying—what did a few bruises signify to him, compared to dear life, to precious life! She got him through the brake, and down the path. There for an instant she stopped to take breath; but as if stung by the Furies, she pushed on again with almost superhuman strength. Clasping him round the waist and leaning his dead weight against the lintel of the door, she tried to undo the latch; but now, just at this moment, a trembling faintness came over her, and a fearful dread took possession of her—that here, on the very threshold of her home, she might be found dead, and buried under the snow, when the farm-servants came in the morning. This terror stirred her up to one more effort. She and her companion were in the warmth of the quiet haven of that kitchen; she laid him on the settle, and sank on the floor by his side. How long she remained in swoon she could not tell; not very long she judged by the fire, which was still red and sullenly glowing when she came to herself. She lighted the candle, and bent over her late burden to ascertain if indeed he were dead. She stood long gazing. The man lay dead. There could be no doubt about it. His filmy eyes glared at her, unshut. But Susan was not one to be affrighted by the stony aspect of death. It was not that; it was the bitter, woeful recognition of Michael Hurst.

She was convinced he was dead; but after a while she refused to believe in her conviction. She stripped off his wet outer-garments with trembling, hurried hands. She brought a blanket down from her own bed; she made up the fire. She swathed him up in fresh, warm wrappings, then laid him on the flags before the fire, sitting herself at his head, and holding it in her lap, while she tenderly wiped his loose, wet hair, curly still, although its colour had changed from nut-brown to iron-grey since she had seen it last. From time to time she bent over the face afresh, sick and fain to believe that the flicker of the fire-light was some slight convulsive motion. But the dim, staring eyes struck chill to her heart. At last she ceased her delicate busy cares, but she still held the head softly, as if caressing it. She thought over all the possibilities and chances in the mingled yarn of their lives that might, by so slight a turn, have ended far otherwise. If her mother's cold had been early tended so that the responsibility as to her brother's weal or woe had not fallen upon her; if the fever had not taken such rough, cruel hold on Will; nay, if Mrs. Gale, that hard, worldly sister, had not accompanied him on his last visit to Yew Nook—his very last before this fatal stormy night, if she had heard the cry—cry uttered by those pale, dead lips with such wild, despairing agony, not yet three hours ago! O! if she had but heard it sooner, he might have been saved before that blind, false step had precipitated him down the rock! In going over this weary chain of unrealized possibilities Susan learnt the force of Peggy's words. Life was short, looking back upon it. It seemed but yesterday since all the love of her being had been poured out, and run to waste. The intervening years—the long monotonous years that had turned her into an old woman before her time—were but a dream.

The labourers coming in the dawn of the Winter's day were surprised to see the fire-light through the low kitchen-window. They knocked, and hearing a moaning answer, they entered, fearing that something had befallen their mistress. For all explanation they got these words:

"It is Michael Hurst. He was belated, and fell down the Raven's Crag. Where does Eleanor, his wife, live?"

How Michael Hurst got to Yew Nook no one but Susan ever knew. They thought he had dragged himself there with some sore, internal bruise sapping away his minuted life. They could not have believed the superhuman exertion which had first sought him out, and then dragged him hither. Only Susan knew of that.

She gave him into the charge of her servants, and went out and saddled her horse. Where the wind had drifted the snow on one side, and the road was clear and bare, she rode, and rode fast; where the soft, deceitful heaps were massed up, she dismounted and led her steed, plunging in deep, with fierce energy, the pain at her heart urging her onwards with a sharp, digging spur.

The grey, solemn, Winter's noon was more night-like than the depth of Summer's night; dim purple brooded the low skies over the white earth, as Susan rode up to what had been Michael Hurst's abode, while living. It was a small farm-house, carelessly kept outside, slatternly tended within. The pretty Nelly Hebthwaite was pretty still; her delicate face had never suffered from any long-enduring feeling. If anything, its expression was that of plaintive sorrow; but the soft, light hair had scarcely a tinge of grey, the wood-rose tint of complexion yet remained, if not so brilliant as in youth; the straight nose, the small mouth were untouched by time. Susan felt the contrast even at that moment. She knew that her own skin was weather-beaten, furrowed, brown, that her teeth were gone, and her hair grey and ragged. And yet she was not two years older than Nelly—she had not been in youth, when she took account of these things. Nelly stood wondering at the strange-enough horsewoman, who stood and panted at the door, holding her horse's bridle, and refusing to enter.

"Where is Michael Hurst?" asked Susan, at last.

"Well, I can't rightly say. He should have been at home last night, but he was off seeing after a public-house to be let at Ulverstone, for our farm does not answer, and we were thinking ——"

"He did not come home last night?" said Susan, cutting short the story, and half-affirming, half-questioning by way of letting in a ray of the awful light before she let it full in, in its consuming wrath.

"No! he'll be stopping somewhere out Ulverstone ways. I'm sure we've need of him at home, for I've no one but lile Tommy to help me tend the beasts. Things have not gone well with us, and we don't keep a servant now. But you're trembling all over, ma'am. You'd better come in, and take something warm, while your horse rests. That's the stable-door to your left."

Susan took her horse there; loosened his girths, and rubbed him down with a wisp of straw. Then she looked about her for hay; but the place was bare of food, and smelt damp and unused. She went to the house thankful for the respite, and got some clap-bread, which she mashed up in a pail-full of lukewarm water. Every moment was a respite, and yet every moment made her dread the more the task that lay before her. It would be longer than she thought at first. She took the saddle off, and hung about her horse, which seemed somehow more like a friend than anything else in the world. She laid her cheek against its neck, and rested there, before returning to the house for the last time.

Eleanor had brought down one of her own gowns, which hung on a chair against the fire, and had made her unknown visitor a cup of hot tea. Susan could hardly bear all these little attentions; they choked her, and yet she was so wet, so weak with fatigue and excitement that she could neither resist by word or by action. Two children stood awkwardly about, puzzled at the scene, and even Eleanor began to wish for some explanation of who her strange visitor was.

"You've may-be heard him speak of me? I'm called Susan Dixon."

Nelly coloured, and avoided meeting Susan's eye.

"I've heard other folk speak of you. He never named your name."

This respect of silence came like balm to Susan; balm not felt or heeded at the time it was applied, but very grateful in its effects for all that.

"He is at my house," continued Susan, determined not to stop or quaver in the operation—the pain which must be inflicted.

"At your house? Yew Nook?" questioned Eleanor, surprised. "How came he there?" half-jealously. "Did he take shelter from the coming storm? Tell me—there is something—tell me, woman!"

"He took no shelter. Would to God he had!"

"O! would to God! would to God!" shrieked out Eleanor, learning all from the woeful import of those dreary eyes. Her cries thrilled through the house; the children's piping wailings and passionate cries on "Daddy! Daddy!" pierced into Susan's very marrow. But she remained as still and tearless as the great round face upon the clock.

At last, in a lull of crying, she said—not exactly questioning—but as if partly to herself—

"You loved him, then?"

"Love him! he was my husband! He was the father of three boony bairns that lie dead in Grasmere Churchyard. I wish you'd go, Susan Dixon, and let me weep without your watching me! I wish you'd never come near the place."

"Alas! alas! it would not have brought him to life. I would have laid down my own to save his. My life has been so very sad! No one would have cared if I had died. Alas! alas!"

The tone in which she said this was so utterly mournful and despairing that it awed Nelly into quiet for a time. But by-and-bye she said, "I would not turn a dog out to do it harm; but the night is clear, and Tommy shall guide you to the Red Cow. But, O! I want to be alone. If you'll come back to-morrow, I'll be better, and I'll hear all, and thank you for every kindness you have shown him—and I do believe you've showed him kindness—though I don't know why."

Susan moved heavily and strangely.

She said something—her words came thick and unintelligible. She had had a paralytic stroke since she had last spoken. She could not go, even if she would. Nor did Eleanor, when she became aware of the state of the case, wish her to leave. She had her laid on her own bed, and weeping silently all the while for the lost husband, she nursed Susan like a sister. She did not know what her guest's worldly position might be; and she might never be repaid. But she sold many a little trifle to purchase such small comforts as Susan might need. Susan, lying still and motionless, learnt much. It was not a severe stroke; it might be the forerunner of others yet to come, but at some distance of time. But for the present she recovered, and regained much of her former health. On her sick-bed she matured her plans. When she returned to Yew Nook, she took Michael Hurst's widow and children with her to live there, and fill up the haunted hearth with living forms that should banish the ghosts.

And so it fell out that the latter days of Susan Dixon's life were better than the former.

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MR. ESTLIN.

NO. V.

AT this time, William Wells Brown was in England, and in April (1850) made his first visit to Bristol, being the guest of a hospitable gentleman, already mentioned in this notice, Mr. Edward Thomas. At a meeting of nearly two thousand persons, assembled to hear an address from Mr. Brown, Mr. Estlin presided. The meeting was an efficient one, its attention being strongly drawn by the resolutions offered (and subsequently adopted), and by the remarks of Mr. Brown, "to the labours of the true anti-slavery workers in America," and to the real questions at issue between them and their opponents, both South and North. Mr. Estlin had frequent opportunities of intercourse with Mr. Brown, and wrote in terms of warm regard for him. "I have much confidence," he says, "in W. W. B., and think him a man of good sense and good judgment, and a valuable anti-slavery lecturer. I was rather surprised at his tact in knowing how, when and where to instruct our people respecting the true abolition movement of America."

The treatment which Mr. Brown received at this time from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and from its (then) Secretary, John Scoble, thoroughly disgusted Mr. Estlin, and had no small influence in demonstrating to his mind the narrow and unworthy motives which governed its policy. Mr. Brown was known to be a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to have acted in America as a lecturing agent for that Society, and for the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and other Societies, auxiliaries to it. These facts were sufficient, probably, of themselves, to ensure Mr. Brown a cold reception and notice from the British and Foreign Society, if not open hostility. But, as in previous cases, other means were not wanting to create a prejudice against him in the public mind, and destroy, if possible, his influence in Great Britian. Mr. Scoble, whose mind had doubtless been preoccupied with unfavourable representations of Mr. Brown, wrote an "indignant" letter containing most unwarrantable charges against Mr. Brown, and intimating a purpose to attack Mr. Estlin in the *Reporter* (the organ of the B. and F. A. S. Society), because Mr. Estlin, at the Bristol meeting, had censured the said Society for its bigoted course, and its hostile spirit to the American Society and its friends. Mr. Estlin believed that Mr. Scoble would not venture upon the fulfilment of his threat, because knowing well that there was much more to be said on the same subject; and, so far as I have heard, Mr. Scoble did no more about it. The injurious reports concerning Mr. Brown appear to have been short-lived. As he became known, prejudice passed away. His industry, good sense, and faithful maintenance of his principles, won for him general and increasing respect, and he was enabled to do an excellent work in Great Britain for the American Anti-Slavery cause. During the whole period of his residence abroad—about five years—Mr. Estlin continued his fast and efficient friend; and few can bear from personal knowledge ampler testimony than he to Mr. Estlin's lofty character and invaluable service to the cause of freedom.

Mr. Estlin's letters, written at this period, incidentally show how many and various were the means he used to serve this great cause, and how watchful he was, continually, to let slip no opportunity to help it. If an efficient public meeting was held, he took care that a good account of it should appear in some public journals, that slips containing such account should be sent to the conductors of other journals, and to active and intelligent persons in various parts of the kingdom; he corresponded with such editors and persons very extensively, giving information on the general subject, and making openings for anti-slavery speakers and lecturers; he watched the leading journals, correcting the *Times* itself on the laws of the American slave States in regard to British coloured seamen visiting their ports; and he exposed the bigoted and ungenerous course of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and its Secretary, and did what he could, and that was not little, to prepare the way for a more just conception of the great and world-wide cause of Human Freedom, and for its advocacy and support on vastly broader, more comprehensive, and more exalted grounds than that Society had ever exemplified. "He seemed to live," said one, who, though residing in a distant part of the kingdom, was very intimately associated with Mr. Estlin in all his anti-slavery labours, "he seemed to live as much for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause as for any object, and his purse was always freely open to any measure that was likely to assist its progress." When it is remembered, as it should be, that all this was done in a very precarious state of health, requiring the closest attention to rules of diet and systematic living, and subjecting him to not infrequent illness, and in the midst of very extensive professional and other local duties, we shall be better able to appreciate the services he so cheerfully rendered.

In the Spring of 1850, an organized effort was made in Glasgow to prevent any further donations being made from Scotland, England or Ireland to the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar. A committee of nine ladies and four gentlemen issued a circular, recommending the discontinuance of such donations. The circular quoted various articles from the *Liberator* (a paper in no manner under the control of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and neither receiving nor asking any support from its funds), and argued, in the usual manner of pro-slavery men in America, that the *Liberator* was seeking the overthrow of the Christian Sabbath, ministry, &c., under the false guise of anti-slavery. There is little reason to doubt that this, as well as other similar attacks upon the American Anti-Slavery cause, was instigated by designing persons in, or from, this country, who took this circuitous and concealed manner of wounding the cause which they were impotent to injure at home. But what is of more importance, however, the charges in this case were adopted by this new Glasgow Committee. Under date of June 12, Mr. Estlin addressed a reply to the Glasgow Committee's circular, meeting their objections in a calm and temperate manner, exposing the irrelevancy of their charges, particularly in relation to the American Anti-Slavery Society and the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar, and showing correctly in what ways, and to what ends, the funds are devoted which the Bazaar yields. "After years of observation and inquiry," said Mr. Estlin, "and with a personal knowledge of some of the leading members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, I am thoroughly satisfied that no religious or philanthropic movement in this country has ever been guided by persons in whose integrity more confidence could be reposed, or who have made, or were willing to make, more honourable sacrifices in behalf of the mission to which they have devoted their lives." If the circular in question alarmed and alienated any who had been our co-workers for freedom, other friends and helpers were raised up to take their places, and the annual donations from Great Britain and Ireland to the treasury of the slave were not diminished, but on the other hand increased. Mr. Estlin's reply to the Glasgow Committee was a word in season. Coming from one of his strict integrity and unblemished name, it could not fail to arrest any mischief which the circular was calculated to do.

At this time (Summer of 1850), Mr. Estlin went with his daughter, to Paris, purposely to visit Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Follen and the Misses Weston, and to confer with them as to the anti-slavery movement in America, and the best methods of promoting it. In the company of some of these friends, he visited the Rhine and Switzerland. But the fatigue of this European tour proved too great for him, and on his return to England, he was confined to his house for a long period with an illness which completely prostrated him.

Writing in December, he says:

"As occasions have presented themselves, I have done what I could in anti-slavery matters; indeed, I may say that more than half the correspondence we have had during my long illness (since Sept. 3), has been upon anti-slavery matters—and also a good deal of our *reading*. Never before have I had the power of reading regularly and thoroughly three weekly anti-slavery papers, during three successive months, as now." * * * "There is to be a meeting in London on the 'Fugitive Slave bill,' and, at the request of a friend there, I have written, for insertion in the daily and religious journals, a sketch of the present state of the slavery question, showing that it is now a matter of conscience, and that persons *must* speak out, on one side or the other. I gave some quotations from the New York *Independent*, to show that many Orthodox churches and papers were against this 'law of the land' (oh! that miserable *Christian (?) Register*), and that the English people might now help on the cause. As *measures* to be *done*, instead of sentimental, sighing resolutions such as characterize the usual documents of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, I suggested *addresses* from separate towns, or *one* monster address, to the American nation—remonstrances from the *religious* bodies to corresponding sects in America—the endeavour to make it plain to our *own people*, that American slaveholders, visiting the Great Exhibition of 1851, are entitled to no more respect than Borneo pirates or professional thieves—words of encouragement to the Abolitionists in the United States; and, lastly, a subscription for the poor fugitives in Canada." * * * "The course of many of your leading Unitarian ministers, and the explanation made by their apologists here, have only tended to confirm me in the conviction of the truth of the assertions made by the Abolitionists, viz., that the Church of America is the bulwark of slavery, and that the Unitarian Church is no exception to the charge; on the contrary, making higher professions of correct views of Christianity, and being (in Boston, at least) in a very influential position, its shortcomings are more culpable than those of other sects."

I cannot refrain from giving here an extract from a letter which Mr. Estlin received, near this time, from a lady of "evangelical" sentiments in another part of the country. Its great value now is, the proof it affords that speculative and theological differences have no power to keep people alienated from each other, who see eye to eye on a great question of Christian principle, sound morality and humanity:

"I grieve to find the anti-slavery feeling of the three kingdoms all but extinguished. So many causes operate to crush every feeling and effort, that to meet with one expressing sentiments like your own is as water to a thirsty soul. I entirely concur with you respecting the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*. * * * The ministers of religion in this country and in America are verily guilty. From the moment these reptiles (pardon the comparison!) landed in this country, and were received with open arms by the *Evangelical Alliance*, from that moment, I say, did their deadly poison spread and contaminate the atmosphere of England. They were of their father, and his works did they do. They flattered, cajoled and ultimately mesmerized the ministers in this country, gained their point, and returned triumphing in their wickedness. Truly, they were wolves in sheep's clothing! But, from the moment of its organization, that Association has continued to go down, until it is nearly defunct. Still, the mighty mischief was achieved. * * * I know nothing of good the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have done these thirty years. They stand in the way of more uncompromising people. * * * My only hope is from God, that He will arise, and, by means we know not of, break the teeth of the oppressor. * * * I believe, if the ministers of this country had done their duty, American slaveholders and their allies would find no quarter here."

At this time, the various clerical and *religious* defences of the Fugitive Slave law began to reach England. Mr. Estlin collected the principal of them in a sheet, which he entitled "Clerical Teachings," and scattered it broadly over the country—seed from which a large harvest of startled and indignant sentiment sprang up. Two hundred and fifty dissenting ministers, among others, were supplied with this document. Sixty-four Congregational Unions and twenty-four Baptist Unions were addressed, by correspondence, and requested to lay the subject of American slavery, and of the complicity of the various religious denominations in America in it, before their District and General Associations. Mr. E. was particularly offended and disgusted with the unspeakably base and servile course of Dr. Dewey, in defending and justifying that cruel and wicked law, and with his declaration that he would rather his own mother should go into slavery, than that the Union should be dissolved. Mr. Estlin sent an article, quoting from Dr. Dewey's lecture, to the London *Morning Advertiser*, which was published there, and thence extensively copied all over the kingdom. The charge that Dr. Dewey used any such language was at first indignantly denied; it was pronounced a "wicked invention," and several Americans then in England expended much virtuous abhorrence upon the heads of the inventors. But, when the remarks of Dr. Dewey came to be published with his own approbation, and it was found that, though he denied using the word *mother*, he admitted that he had so spoken of his *brother* and *son*, then, indeed was all doubt removed, his too hasty sponsors sunk into silence, and every unperverted mind saw too clearly the corruption and shamelessness of his.

In the Spring of 1851, William and Ellen Craft, compelled to fly from Boston and from New England, by the disgraceful combination of national and municipal authorities to enforce the Fugitive Slave law, arrived in England. In April of that year, in company with William W. Brown, they visited Bristol. Mr. Estlin's house was open to them, and there they found for several weeks, a tranquil and a safe home. A large public meeting was held, to see, welcome and hear them. From a letter, written beneath Mr. Estlin's roof, I make the following extracts:

"The newspaper reports of the meeting fail in imparting one feature of the meeting which would deeply have interested you, namely, the *solemnity* as well as unanimity which characterized the whole proceedings. The painful necessity which compelled the ministers of religion to come forward and protest against the shortcomings of their brethren in America, whose names they had formerly held in high esteem, together with the terrible *cause* of the presence of the Crafts at that assembly, substituted a seriousness, and almost sadness, for the enthusiasm which would, in any other circumstances, have attended a public reception of the fugitives, whose course since they came to England, and whose previous history, were so well and so widely known here, that each of the audience claimed William and Ellen, as well as W. W. Brown, for personal friends; few would depart till they had shaken hands with them, and offered their individual assurance of warm sympathy. Eight or ten ladies of Bristol accompanied Ellen Craft to the platform of the meeting.

But Mr. Estlin did not content himself with showing a brief hospitality to those refugees from American despotism, nor even with efforts to introduce them to other towns, in such a way as should be alike helpful to them, and advantageous to the cause of freedom. He solicited and obtained from a numerous list of friends, an annual subscription, to continue at least two years, for the *education* of William and Ellen Craft, that they might obtain that intellectual and moral culture in England, which republican America had not only withheld from them, but under heavy pains and penalties had interdicted. Availing himself of Lady Byron's kind intercession and friendly offices, he obtained for them a situation at the Ockham Schools, in Surrey (near London), where they remained about two years. The teachers of this school were "well satisfied with their exemplary conduct," and the pupils were successful in acquiring a knowledge of the elementary branches of a good English education. To this young and interesting couple, Mr. Estlin was as a father, by his affectionate interest in them, his solicitude for their welfare, and by the unwearied pains he took for their elevation and improvement.

At this time, Mr. Estlin was not a little gratified and strengthened by the sympathy and cooperation of the *Bristol and Clifton Anti-Slavery Society*—a ladies' association, formed some years previously, auxiliary to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. Many of its members had long been dissatisfied at the heavy and dronish manner in which the affairs of the Parent Society were conducted; and their courage and zeal were at once quickened by the new interest which began to be developed in Bristol by the meetings of W. W. Brown, Wm. and Ellen Craft, and others. They took up the subject with renewed spirit and diligence, and the fruits of their action were soon apparent. They passed res